

THE
WORKS
OF
WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

VOL. XXIV.

ROMANCES VOL. XV.

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ZWICKAU,

PRINTED FOR BROTHERS SCHUMANN.

1822.



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# ROB ROY.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

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*For why? Because the good old rules  
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,  
That they should take, who have the power,  
And they should keep who can.*

*Rob Roy's Grave.* — WORDSWORTH.

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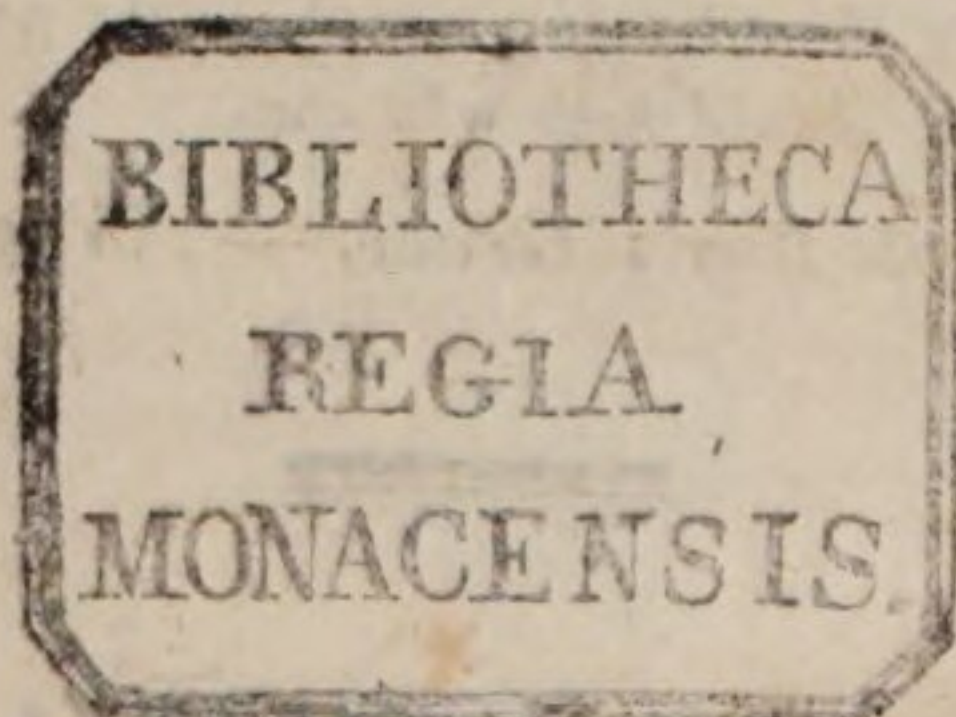
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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ZWICKAU,

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CHAPTER XXII.

*“Look round thee, young Astolpho: Here’s the
place*

*Which men (for being poor) are sent to starve
in, —*

Rude remedy, I trow, for sore disease.

*Within these walls, stifled by damp and stench,
Doth Hope’s fair torch expire; and at the snuff.*

*Ere yet ’tis quite extinct, rude, wild, and
wayward.*

*The desperate revelries of wild despair,
Kindling their hell-born cressets, light to deeds
That the poor captive would have died ere
practised,*

Till bondage sunk his soul to his condition.”

The Prison, Scene III. Act I.

At my first entrance I turned an eager glance
towards my conductor; but the lamp in the ve-
stibule was too low in flame to give my curiosity

any satisfaction by affording a distinct perusal of his features. As the turnkey held the light in his hands, the beams fell more full on his own less interesting figure. He was a wild shock-headed looking animal, whose profusion of red hair covered and obscured his features, which were otherwise only characterized by the extravagant joy that affected him at the sight of my guide. In my experience I have met nothing so absolutely resembling my idea of a very uncouth, wild, and ugly savage adoring the idol of his tribe. He grinned, he shivered, he laughed, he was near crying, if he did not actually cry. He had a "Where shall I go? — What can I do for you?" expression of face; the complete, surrendered, and anxious subservience and devotion of which it is difficult to describe, otherwise than by the awkward combination which I have attempted. The fellow's voice seemed choking in his ecstasy, and only could express itself in such interjections as "Oigh, oigh, — Aye, aye — it's lang since she's seen ye!" and other exclamations equally brief, expressed in the same unknown tongue in which he had communicated with my conductor while we were on the outside of the jail door. My guide received all this excess of joyful gratulation much like a prince too early accustomed to the homage of those around him to be much moved by it, yet willing to requite

it by the usual form of royal courtesy. He extended his hand graciously towards the turnkey, with a civil enquiry of "How's a' wi' you, Dougal?"

"Oigh, oigh!" exclaimed Dougal, softening the sharp exclamations of his surprise as he looked around with an eye of watchful alarm — "oigh, to see you here — to see you here — Oigh, what will come o' ye gin the baillies sud come to get witting — ta filthy, gutty hallions, tat they are."

My guide placed his finger on his lip, and said, "Fear nothing, Dougal; your hands shall never draw a bolt on me."

"Tat sall they no," said Dougal; "she suld — she wuld — that is, she wishes them hacked aff by the elbows first — But when are ye gaun yonder again? and ye'll no forget te let her ken — she's your puir cousin, God kens, only seven times removed."

"I will let you ken, Dougal, so soon as my plans are settled."

"And, by her sooth, when you do, an it were twal o' the Saturday at e'en, she'll fling her keys at the provost's head or she gie them anither turn, and that or ever Sabbath morning begins — see if she winna."

My mysterious stranger cut his acquaintance's ecstasies short by again addressing him, in what I afterwards understood to be the Irish, Earse, or Gaelic, explaining, probably, the services

which he required at his hand. The answer, "Wi' a' her heart — wi' a' her soul," with a good deal of indistinct muttering in a similar tone, intimated the turnkey's acquiescence in what he proposed. The fellow trimmed his dying lamp, and made a sign to me to follow him.

"Do you not go with us?" said I, looking to my conductor.

"It is unnecessary," he replied; "my company may be inconvenient for you, and I had better remain to secure our retreat."

"I do not suppose you mean to betray me to danger," said I.

"To nane but what I partake in doubly," answered the stranger, with a voice of assurance which it was impossible to mistrust.

I followed the turnkey, who, leaving the inner wicket unlocked behind him, led me up a *turnpike*, (so the Scotch call a winding stair,) then along a narrow gallery, — then opening one of several doors which led into the passage, he ushered me into a small apartment, and casting his eye on the pallet-bed which occupied one corner, said, with an under voice, as he placed the lamp on a little deal table, "She's sleeping."

"She! — who? — can it be Diana Vernon, in this abode of misery?"

I turned my eye to the bed, and it was with a mixture of disappointment oddly mingled with

pleasure, that I saw my first suspicion had disappointed me. I saw a head neither young nor beautiful, garnished with a grey beard of two days' growth, and accommodated with a red night-cap. The first glance put me at ease on the score of Diana Vernon; the second, as the slumberer awoke from a heavy sleep, yawned, and rubbed his eyes, presented me with features very different indeed — even those of my poor friend Owen. I drew back out of view an instant, that he might have time to recover himself; fortunately recollecting that I was but an intruder on these cells of sorrow, and that any alarm might be attended with unhappy consequences.

Meantime, the unfortunate formalist, raising himself from the pallet-bed with the assistance of one hand, and scratching his cap with the other, exclaimed, in a voice in which as much peevishness as he was capable of feeling, contended with drowsiness, „I'll tell you what, Mr Dugwell, or whatever your name may be, the sum total of the matter is, that if my natural rest is to be broken in this manner, I must complain to the lord mayor.”

„Shentlemans to speak wi' her,” replied Dougal, resuming the true dogged sullen tone of a turnkey, in exchange for the shrill clang of Highland congratulation with which he had welcomed

my mysterious guide; and turning on his heel, he left the apartment.

It was some time before I could prevail upon the unfortunate sleeper awakening to recognize me; and when he did so, the distress of the worthy creature was extreme, at supposing, which he naturally did, that I had been sent thither as a partner of his captivity.

„O, Mr Frank, what have you brought yourself and the house to? — I think nothing of myself, that am a mere cypher, so to speak; but you, that was your father's sum total — his omnium — that might have been the first man in the first house in the first city, to be shut up in a nasty Scotch jail, where one cannot even get the dirt brushed off their clothes!”

He rubbed, with an air of peevish irritation, the once stainless brown coat which had now shared some of the impurities of the floor of his prison-house, — his habits of extreme punctilious neatness acting mechanically to increase his distress.

„O Heaven be gracious to us!” he continued. „What news this will be in the 'Change! There has not the like come there since the battle of Almanza, where the total of the British loss was summed up to five thousand men killed and wounded, besides a floating balance of missing —

but what will that be to the news that Osbaldistone and Tresham have stopped?"

I broke in on his lamentations to acquaint him, that I was no prisoner, though scarce able to account for my being in that place at such an hour. I could only silence his enquiries by persisting in those which his own situation suggested; and at length obtained from him such information as he was able to give me. It was none of the most distinct; for, however clear-headed in his own routine of commercial business, Owen, you are well aware, was not very acute in comprehending what lay beyond that sphere.

The sum of his information was, that of two correspondents of my father's firm at Glasgow, where, owing to engagements in Scotland, formerly alluded to, he transacted a great deal of business, both my father and Owen had found the house of MacVittie, MacFin, and Company, the most obliging and accommodating. They had deferred to the great English house on every possible occasion; and in their bargains and transactions acted, without repining, the part of the jackall, who only claims what the lion is pleased to leave him. However small the share of profit allotted to them, it was always, as they expressed it, „enough for the like of them;” however large the portion of trouble, „they were sensible they could not do too much to deserve

the continued patronage and good opinion of their honoured friends in Crane Alley."

The dictates of my father were to MacVittie and MacFin the laws of the Medes and Persians, not to be altered, innovated, or even discussed; and the punctilios exacted by Owen in their business transactions, for he was a great lover of form, more especially when he could dictate it *ex cathedra*, seemed scarce less sanctimonious in their eyes. This tone of deep and respectful observance went all currently down with Owen; but my father looked a little closer into men's bosoms, and whether suspicious of this excess of deference, or, as a lover of brevity and simplicity in business, tired with these gentlemen's long-winded professions of regard, he had uniformly resisted their desire to become his sole agents in Scotland. On the contrary, he transacted many affairs through a correspondent of a character perfectly different, — a man whose good opinion of himself amounted to self-conceit, and who, disliking the English in general as much as my father did the Scotch, would hold no communication but on a footing of absolute equality; jealous, moreover; captious occasionally; as tenacious of his own opinions in point of form as Owen could be of his; and totally indifferent, though the authority of all Lombard-Street stood against his own private opinion.

As these peculiarities of temper rendered it difficult to do business with Mr Nicol Jarvie, — as they occasioned at times disputes and coldness between the English house and their correspondent, which were only got over by a sense of mutual interest, — as, moreover, Owen's personal vanity sometimes suffered a little in the discussions to which they gave rise, you cannot be surprised, Tresham, that our old friend threw at all times the weight of his influence in favour of the civil, discreet, accommodating concern of MacVittie and MacFin, and spoke of Jarvie as a petulant, conceited Scotch pedlar, with whom there was no doing business.

It was also not surprising, that in these circumstances, which I only learned in detail some time afterwards, Owen, in the difficulties to which the house were reduced by the absence of my father, and the disappearance of Rashleigh, should, on his arrival in Scotland, which took place two days before mine, have recourse to the friendship of those correspondents, who had always professed themselves obliged, gratified, and devoted to the service of his principal. He was received at Messrs MacVittie and MacFin's counting-house, in the Gallowgate, with something like the devotion a Catholic would pay to his tutelar saint! But alas! this sunshine was soon overclouded, when, encouraged by the fair

hopes which it inspired, he opened the difficulties of the house to his friendly correspondents, and requested their counsel and assistance. MacVittie was almost stunned by the communication; and MacFin, ere it was completed, was already at the ledger of their firm, and in the very bowels of the multitudinous accounts between their house and that of Osbaldistone and Tresham, for the purpose of discovering on which side the balance lay. Alas! the scale depressed considerably against the English firm; and the faces MacVittie and MacFin, hitherto only blank and doubtful, became now ominous, grim, and lowering. They met Mr Owen's request of countenance and assistance with a counter-demand of instant security against imminent hazard of eventual loss; and at length, speaking more plainly, required that a deposit of assets, destined for other purposes, should be placed in their hands for that purpose. Owen repelled this demand with great indignation, as dishonourable to his constituents, unjust to the other creditors of Osbaldistone and Tresham, and very ungrateful on the part of those by whom it was made.

The Scotch partners gained, in the course of this controversy, what is very convenient to persons who are in the wrong, an opportunity and pretext for putting themselves into a violent passion, and for taking, under the pretext of the

provocation they had received, measures to which some sense of decency, if not of conscience, might otherwise have deterred them from resorting.

Owen had a small share, as I believe is usual, in the house to which he acted as head clerk, and was therefore personally liable for all its obligations. This was known to Messrs MacVittie and MacFin, and, with a view of making him feel their power, or rather in order to force him, at this emergency, into those measures in their favour, to which he had expressed himself so repugnant, they had recourse to a summary process of arrest and imprisonment, which it seems the law of Scotland (therein surely liable to much abuse) allows to a creditor who finds his conscience at liberty to make oath that the debtor meditates departing from the realm. Under such a warrant had poor Owen been confined to du-rance upon the day preceding that when I was so strangely guided to his prisonhouse.

Thus possessed of the alarming outline of facts, the question remained, what was to be done? and it was not of easy determination. I plainly perceived the perils with which we were surrounded, but it was more difficult to suggest any remedy. The warning which I had already received seemed to intimate, that my own personal liberty might be endangered by an open

appearance in Owen's behalf. Owen entertained the same apprehension, and in the exaggeration of his terror, assured me that a Scotchman, rather than run the risk of losing a farthing by an Englishman, would find law for arresting his wife, children, man-servant, maid-servant, and stranger within his household. The laws concerning debt, in most countries, are so unmercifully severe, that I could not altogether misbelieve his statement; and my arrest, in the present circumstances, would have been a *coup-de-grace* to my father's affairs. In this dilemma, I asked Owen if he had not thought of having recourse to my father's other correspondent in Glasgow, Mr Nicol Jarvie?

«He had sent him a letter,” he replied, «that morning; but if the smooth-tongued and civil house in the Gallowgate had used him thus, what was to be expected from the cross-grained crab-stock in the Salt-Market? You might as well ask a broker to give up his per centage, as expect a favour from him without the *per contra*. He had not even,” Owen said, «answered his letter, though it was put into his hand that morning as he went to church.” And here the despairing man-of-figures threw himself down on his pallet, exclaiming, — «My poor dear master! — My poor dear master! O, Mr Frank, Mr Frank, this is all your obstinacy! — But God forgive

me for saying so to you in your distress! It is God's disposing, and man must submit."

My philosophy, Tresham, could not prevent my sharing in the honest creature's distress, and we mingled our tears, the more bitter on my part, as the perverse opposition to my father's will, with which the kind-hearted Owen forbore to upbraid me, rose up to my conscience as the cause of all this affliction.

In the midst of our mingled sorrow, we were disturbed and surprised by a loud knocking at the outward door of the prison. I ran to the top of the stair-case to listen, but could only hear the voice of the turnkey, alternately in a high tone, answering to some person without, and in a whisper, addressed to the person who had guided me hither: "She's coming — she's coming," aloud; then in a low key, „O hon-a-ri! O hon-a-ri! what'll she do now? — Gang up ta stair, and hide yoursell ahint the Sassenach shentleman's ped. — She's coming as fast as she can — Ahel-lany! its my lord provosts, and ta paillies, and ta guard — and the captain's coming toon stairs too — Got pless her! gang up or he meets her. — She's coming — she's coming — ta lock's sair roosted."

While Dougal unwillingly, and with as much delay as possible, undid the various fastenings to give admittance to those without, whose im-

patience became clamorous, my guide ascended the winding stair, and sprang into Owen's apartment, into which I followed him. He cast his eyes hastily round as if for a place of concealment, then said to me, „Lend me your pistols — yet it's no matter, I can do without them — Whatever you see take no heed, and dinna mix your hand in another man's feud — This gear's mine, and I maun manage it as I dow; but I have been as hard bested, and worse than I am even now.”

As the stranger spoke these words, he stripped from his person the cumbrous upper coat in which he was wrapt, confronted the door of the apartment, on which he fixed a keen and determined glance, drawing his person a little back to concentrate his force, like a fine horse brought up to the leaping bar. I had not a moment's doubt that he meant to extricate himself from his embarrassment, whatever might be the cause of it, by springing full upon those who should appear when the doors opened, and forcing his way through all opposition into the street; and such was the appearance of strength and agility displayed in his frame, and of determination in his look and manner, that I did not doubt a moment but that he would get clear through his opponents, unless they employed fatal means to stop his purpose.

It was a moment of awful suspense betwixt the opening of the outward gate and that of the door of the apartment, when there appeared — no guard with bayonets fixed, or watch with clubs, bills, or partizans, but a good-looking young woman, with grogram petticoats, tucked up for trudging through the streets, and a lantern in her hand. This female ushered in a more important personage, in form stout, short, and somewhat corpulent; and by dignity, as it soon appeared, a magistrate, bob-wigged, bustling and breathless with peevish impatience. My conductor, at his appearance, drew back as if to escape observation; but he could not elude the penetrating twinkle with which this dignitary reconnoitred the whole apartment.

„A bonnie thing it is, and a beseeming, that I should be kept at the door half an hour, Captain Stanchells,” said he, addressing the principal jailor, who now showed himself at the door as if in attendance on the great man, „knocking as hard to get into the tolbooth as ony body else wad to get out of it, could that avail them, poor fallen creatures! — And how’s this? — how’s this? — strangers in the jail after lock-up hours! — I shall look after this, Stanchells, ye may depend on’t — Keep the door lockit, and I’ll speak to these gentlemen in a gliffing — But first I maun hae a crack wi’ an auld acquaint-

ance here. — Mr Owen, Mr Owen, how's a' wi' ye, man?"

„Pretty well in body, I thank you, Mr Jarvie," drawled out poor Owen, „but sore afflicted in spirit."

„Nae doubt, nae doubt — ay, ay — it's an awu' whummle — and for ane that held his head sae high too — human nature, human nature — Ay, ay, we're a' subject to a downcome. Mr Osbaldistone is a good honest gentleman; but I aye said he was ane o' them wad make a spune or spoil a horn, as my father, the worthy deacon, used to say. The deacon used to say to me, „Nick — young Nick," (his name was Nicol as weel as mine; sae folk ca'd us in their daffin' young Nick and auld Nick) — 'Nick,' said he, 'never put out your arm farther than ye can draw it easily back again.' I hae said sae to Mr Osbaldistone, and he didna seem to take it a'thegither sae kind as I meant — but it was weel meant — weel meant."

This discourse, delivered with prodigious volubility, and a great appearance of self-complacency, as he recollected his own advice and predictions, gave little promise of assistance at the hands of Mr Jarvie. Yet it soon appeared rather to proceed from a total want of delicacy than any deficiency of real kindness; for when Owen expressed himself somewhat hurt that

these things should be recalled to memory in his present situation, the Glaswegian took him by the hand, and bade him "Cheer up a gliff! D'ye think I wad hae comed out at twal o'clock at night, and amaist broken the Lord's-day, just to tell a fa'en man o' his backslidings? Na, na, that's no Baillie Jarvie's gait, nor was't his worthy father's, the deacon, afore him. Why, man! it's my rule never to think on warldly business on the Sabbath, and though I did a' I could to keep your note that I gat this morning out o' my head, yet I thought mair on it a' day than on the preaching — And it's my rule to gang to my bed wi' the yellow curtains preceesely at ten o'clock — unless I were eating a haddock wi' a neighbour, or a neighbour wi' me — ask the lass-quean there, if it isna a fundamental rule in my household; and here hae I sitten up reading gude books, and gaping as if I wad swallow St Enox Kirk, till it chappit twal, whilk was a lawfu' hour to gie a look at my ledger just to see how things stood between us; and then, as time and tide wait for nae man, I made the lass get the lantern, and came slipping my ways here to see what can be dune anent your affairs. Baillie Jarvie can command entrance into the tolbooth at ony hour, day or night; sae could my father, the deacon, in his time, honest man, praise to his memory."

Although Owen groaned at the mention of the ledger, leading me grievously to fear that here also the balance stood in the wrong column; and although the worthy magistrate's speech expressed much self-complacency, and some ominous triumph in his own superior judgment, yet it was blended with a sort of frank and blunt good-nature, from which I could not help deriving some hopes. He requested to see some papers he mentioned, snatched them hastily from Owen's hand, and sitting on the bed, to "rest his shanks," as he was pleased to express the accommodation which that posture afforded him, his servant girl held up the lantern to him, while, pshawing, muttering, and sputtering, now at the imperfect light, now at the contents of the packet, he ran over the writings it contained.

Seeing him fairly engaged in this course of study, the guide who had brought me hither seemed disposed to take an unceremonious leave. He made a sign to me to say nothing, and intimated, by his change of posture, an intention to glide towards the door in such a manner as to attract the least possible observation. But the alert magistrate (very different from my old acquaintance Mr Justice Inglewood,) instantly detected and interrupted his purposes. "I say, look to the door, Stanchells — shut and lock it, and keep watch on the outside."

The stranger's brow darkened, and he seemed for an instant again to meditate the effecting his retreat by violence; but ere he had determined, the door closed and the ponderous bolt revolved. He muttered an exclamation in Gaelic, strode across the floor, and then, with an air of dogged resolution, as if prepared to see the scene to an end, sate himself down on the oak table and whistled a strathspey.

Mr Jarvie, who seemed very alert and expeditious in going through business, soon shewed himself master of that which he had been considering, and addressed himself to Mr Owen in the following strain: «Weel, Mr Owen, weel — your house are awn certain sums to Messrs MacVittie and MacFin (shame fa' their souple snouts, they made that and mair out o' a bargain about the aik-wo odsat Glen-Cailziechat, that they took out atween my teeth — wi' help o' your good word, I maun needs say, Mr Owen — but that makes nae odds now). — Weel, sir, your house awes them this siller; and for this, and relief of other engagements they stand in for you, they hae putten a double turn o' Stanchells's muckle key on ye. — Weel, sir, ye awe this siller — and maybe ye awe some mair to some other body too — maybe ye awe some to mysell, Baillie Nicol Jarvie.”

«I cannot deny, sir, but the balance may of

this date be brought out against us, Mr Jarvie," said Owen; „but you'll please to consider" —

„I hae nae time to consider e'enow, Mr Owen — Sae near Sabbath at e'en, and out o' ane's warm bed at this time o' night, and a sort o' drow in the air besides — there's nae time for considering — But, sir, as I was saying, ye awe me money — it winna deny — ye awe me money, less or mair, I'll stand by it — But then, Mr Owen, I canna see how you, an active man that understands business, can red out the business ye're come down about, and clear us a' aff — as I have gritt hope ye will — if ye're keepit lying here in the tolbooth of Glasgow — Now, sir, if ye can find caution *judicio sisti*, that is, that ye winna flee the country, but appear and relieve your caution when ca'd for in our legal courts, ye may be set at liberty this very morning."

„Mr Jarvie," said Owen, „if any friend would become surety for me to that effect, my liberty might be usefully employed, doubtless, both for the house and all connected with it."

„Aweel, sir," continued Jarvie, „and doubtless such a friend wad expect ye to appear when ca'd on, and relieve him o' his engagement."

„And I should do so as certainly, bating sickness or death, as that two and two make four."

„Aweel, Mr Owen," resumed the citizen of

Glasgow, "I dinna misdoubt ye, and I'll prove it, sir — I'll prove it. I am a carefu' man, as is weel kenn'd, and industrious, as the hale town can testify; and I can win my crowns, and keep my crowns, and count my crowns, wi' ony body in the Saut-Market, or it may be in the Gallowgate. And I'm a prudent man, as my father the deacon was before me; but rather than an honest civil gentleman, that understands business, and is willing to do justice to all men, should lie by the heels this gate, unable to help himsell or ony body else — why, conscience, man! I'll be your bail mysell — But ye'll mind it's a bail *judicio sisti*, as our town-clerk says, not *judicatum solvi*, ye'll mind that, for there's muckle difference."

Mr Owen assured him, that as matters then stood, he could not expect any one to become security for the actual payment of the debt, but that there was not the most distant cause for apprehending loss from his failing to present himself when lawfully called upon.

"I believe ye — I believe ye. Eneugh said — eneugh said. We'se ha'e your legs loose by the morn at breakfast-time. And now let's hear what thir chamber chiels o' yours hae to say for themselves, or how, in the name of unrule, they got here at this time o' night."

CHAPTER XXIII.

*Hame came our gudeman at e'en,
And hame came he,
And there he saw a man
Where a man suldna be.
„How's this now, kimmer?
How's this?” quo he, —
„How came this carle here
Without the leave o' me?”*

Old Song.

THE magistrate took the light out of his servant-maid's hand, and advanced to his scrutiny, like Diogenes in the street of Athens, lantern-in-hand, and probably with as little expectation as that of the cynic, that he was likely to encounter any special treasure in the course of his researches. The first whom he approached was my mysterious guide, who, seated on a

table, as I have already described him, with his eyes firmly fixed on the wall, his features arranged into the utmost inflexibility of expression, his hands folded on his breast with an air betwixt carelessness and defiance, his heel patting against the foot of the table, to keep time with the tune which he continued to whistle, submitted to Mr Jarvie's investigation with an air of absolute confidence and assurance, which, for a moment, placed at fault the memory and sagacity of the acute and anxious investigator.

“Ah! — Eh! — Oh!” exclaimed the baillie. “Conscience! it's impossible — and yet — no! — Conscience, it canna be! — And yet again — Deil hae me! that I suld say sae — Ye robber — ye cataran — ye born deevil that ye are, to a' bad ends and nae gude ane — can this be you?”

“E'en as ye see, Baillie,” was the laconic answer.

“Conscience! if I am na clean bumbaized — you, ye cheat-the-wuddy rogue, you here on your venture in the tolbooth o' Glasgow? — What d'ye think's the value o' your head?”

“Umph — why, fairly weighed, and Dutch weight, it might weigh down one provost, four baillies', a town-clerk's, six deacons', besides stent-masters” —

“Ah, ye reiving villain!” said Mr Jarvie. But tell ower your sins, and prepare ye, for if I say the word” —

“True, Baillie,” said he who was thus addressed, folding his hands behind him with the utmost *non-chalance*, “but ye will never say that word.”

“And why suld I not, sir?” exclaimed the magistrate — “Why suld I not? Answer me that — why suld I not?”

“For three sufficient reasons, Baillie Jarvie — first, for auld langsyne; — second, for the sake of the auld wife ayont the fire at Stuckavrallachan, that made some mixture of our bluids, to my own proper shame be it spoken, that has a cousin wi’ accounts, and yarn winnles, and looms, and shuttles, like a mere mechanical person; — and lastly, Baillie, because If I saw a sign o’ your betraying me, I would plaister that wa’ with your harns ere the hand of man could rescue you!”

“Ye’re a bauld desperate villain, sir,” retorted the undaunted Baillie; “and ye ken that I ken ye to be sae, and that I wadna stand a moment for my ain risk.”

“I ken weel,” said the other, “ye hae gentle bluid in your veins, and I wad be laith to hurt my ain kinsman. But I’ll gang out here as free

as I came in, or the very wa's o' Glasgow tol-booth shall tell o't these ten years to come."

"Weel, weel," said Mr Jarvie, "bluid's thicker than water; and it lies na in kith, kin, and ally, to see mots in ilk other's een if other een see them no. It wad be sair news to the auld wife below the Ben of Stuckavrallachan, that you, ye Hieland limmer, had knockit out my harns, or that I had kilted you up in a tow. But ye'll own, ye dour deevil, that were it no your very sell, I wad hae grippit the best man in the Hiелands."

"Ye wad hae tried, cousin," answered my guide, "that I wot weel; but I doubt ye wad hae come aff wi' the short measure, for we gang-there-out Hieland bodies are an unchancy generation when ye speak to us o' bondage. We downa bide the coercion of gude braid-claith about our hinderlans; let a be breeks o' free-stone, and garters o' iron."

"Ye'll find the stane breeks and the airn garters, ay, and the hemp cravat, for a' that, neighbour," replied the Baillie. "Nae man in a civilized country ever played the pliskies ye hae done — but e'en pickle in your ain pock-neuck — I hae gi'en ye warning."

"Well, cousin," said the other, "ye'll wear black at my burial?"

«Deil a black cloak will be there, Robin, but the corbies and the hoodie craws, I'se gi'e ye my hand on that. But whar's the gude thousand pund Scots that I lent ye, man, and when am I to see it again?"

«Where it is," replied my guide, after the affectation of considering for a moment, — «I cannot justly tell — probably where last year's snaw is."

«And that's on the top of Schehallion, ye dog," said Mr Jarvie; «and I look for payment frae ye where ye stand."

«Ay," replied the Highlander, «but I keep neither snaw nor dollars in my sporran. And as to when you'll see it — why, just when the king enjoys his ain again, as the auld sang says."

«Warst of a', Robin," retorted the Glaswegian, — «I mean, ye disloyal traitor — Warst of a'! — Wad ye bring popery in on us, and arbitrary power, and a foist and a warming-pan, and the set forms, and the curates, and the auld enormities o' surplices and cearments? Ye had better stick to your auld trade o' theft-boot, black-mail, spreaghs, and gill-ravaging — better stealing nowte than ruining nations."

«Hout man, whisht wi' your whiggery," answered the Celt; «we hae kenn'd ane anither mony a lang day. I'se take care your counting-

room is no cleaned out when the Gillon-a-nail-lie come to redd up the Glasgow buiths, and clear them o' their auld shop-wares. And, unless it just fa' in the preceese way o' your duty, ye manna see me oftener, Nicol, than I am disposed to be seen."

"You are a daring villain, Rob," answered the Baillie; "and ye will be hanged, that will be seen and heard tell o'; but I'se ne'er be the ill bird, and foul my nest, set apart strong necessity and the skreigh of duty, which no man should hear and be inobedient. — And wha the deevil's this?" he continued, turning to me — "Some gill-ravager that ye hae listed, I dare say. He looks as if he had a bauld heart to the highway, and a lang craig for the gibbet."

"This, good Mr Jarvie," said Mr Owen, who, like myself, had been struck dumb during this strange recognition, and no less strange dialogue, which took place betwixt these extraordinary kinsmen — "This, good Mr Jarvie, is young Mr Frank Osbaldistone, only child of the head of our house, who should have been taken into our firm at the time Mr Rashleigh Osbaldistone, his cousin, had the luck to be taken into it" — (Here Owen could not suppress a groan) — "but, howsoever" —

"O, I have heard of that smaik," said the Scotch merchant, interrupting him; "it is he

whom your principal, like an obstinate auld fule, wad make a merchant o', wad he or wad he no, and the lad turned a strolling stage-player, in pure dislike to the labour an honest man should live by. Weel, sir, what say you to your handywark? — Will Hamlet the Dane, or Hamlet's ghost, be good security for Mr Owen, sir?"

"I don't deserve your taunt," I replied, "though I respect your motive, and am too grateful for the assistance you have afforded Mr Owen to resent it. My only business here was to do what I could (it is perhaps very little) to aid Mr Owen in the management of my father's affairs. My dislike of the commercial profession is a feeling of which I am the best and sole judge."

"I protest," said the Highlander, "I had some respect for this callant before I kenn'd what was in him; but I honour him for his contempt of weavers and spinners, and sic like mechanical persons and their pursuits."

"Ye're mad, Rob," said the Baillie — "mad as a March hare, — though wherefore a hare suld be mad at March mair than at Martinmas, is mair than I can weel say. Weavers! Deil shake ye out o' the web the weaver craft made. Spinners! — ye'll spin and wind yoursell a bonnie pirn. And this young birkie here, that

ye're hoying and hounding on the shortest road to the gallows an' the deevil, will his stage-plays and his poetries help him here, d'ye think, ony mair than your deep oaths and drawn dirks, ye reprobate that ye are? — Will *Tityre tu patule*, as they ca' it, tell him where Rashleigh Osbaldistone is? or Macbeth, and all his kernes and galla-glasses, and your awn to boot, Rob, procure him five thousand pounds to answer the bills which fall due ten days hence, were they a' roupit at the Cross, basket-hilts, Andra-Ferraras, leather targets, brogues, brochan, and sporrans?"

"Ten days?" I answered, and instinctively drew out Diana Vernon's packet; and the time being elapsed during which I was to keep the seal sacred, I hastily broke it open. A sealed letter fell from a blank enclosure, owing to the trepidation with which I opened the parcel. A slight current of wind, which found its way through a broken pane of the window, wafted the letter to Mr Jarvie's feet, who lifted it, examined the address with unceremonious curiosity, and, to my astonishment, handed it to his Highland kinsman, saying, "Here's a wind has blawn a letter to its right owner, though there were ten thousand chances against its coming to hand."

The Highlander, having examined the address,

broke the letter open without the least ceremony. I endeavoured to interrupt his proceeding.

“You must satisfy me, sir, that the letter is intended for you before I can permit you to peruse it.”

“Make yourself easy, Mr Osbaldistone,” replied the mountaineer, with great composure; — “remember Justice Inglewood, Clerk Jobson, Mr Morris — above all, remember your vera humble servant, Robert Cawmil, and the beautiful Diana Vernon. Remember all this, and doubt no longer that the letter is for me.”

I remained astonished at my own stupidity. Through the whole night, the voice, and even the features of this man, though imperfectly seen, haunted me with recollections to which I could assign no exact local or personal associations. But now the light dawned on me instantaneously, — this man was Campbell himself. His whole peculiarities flashed on me at once, — the deep strong voice, — the inflexible, stern, yet considerate cast of features, — the Scottish brogue, with its corresponding dialect and imagery, which although he possessed the power at times of laying them aside, recurred at every moment of emotion, and gave pith to his sarcasm, or vehemence to his expostulation. Rather beneath the middle size than above it, his limbs were

formed upon the very strongest model that is consistent with agility, while, from the remarkable ease and freedom of his movements, you could not doubt his possessing the latter quality in a high degree of perfection. Two points in his person interfered with the rules of symmetry — his shoulders were so broad in proportion to his height, as, notwithstanding the lean and lathy appearance of his frame, gave him something the air of being too square in respect to his stature; and his arms, though round, sinewy, and strong, were so very long as to be rather a deformity. I afterwards heard that this length of arm was a circumstance in which he prided himself; that when he wore his native Highland garb he could tie the garters of his hose without stooping; and that it gave him great advantage in the use of the broadsword, at which he was very dexterous. But certainly this want of symmetry destroyed the claim he might otherwise have set up to be accounted a very handsome man; it gave something wild, irregular, and, as it were, unearthly to his appearance, and reminded me involuntarily of the tales which Mabel used to tell of the old Picts who ravaged Northumberland in ancient times, who, according to her traditions, were a sort of half goblin half human beings, distinguished, like this man, for courage, cunning, ferocity, the

length of their arms, and the squareness of their shoulders.

When, however, I recollected the circumstances in which we formerly met, I could not doubt that the billet was most probably designed for him. He had made a marked figure among those mysterious personages over whom Diana seemed to exercise an influence, and from whom she experienced an influence in her turn. It was painful to think that the fate of a being so amiable was involved in that of desperadoes of this man's description; yet it seemed impossible to doubt it. Of what use, however, could this person be to my father's affairs? — I could think only of one. Rashleigh Osbaldistone had, at the instigation of Miss Vernon, certainly found means to produce Mr Campbell when his presence was necessary to exculpate me from Morris's accusation — Was it not possible that her influence, in like manner, might prevail on Campbell to produce Rashleigh? Speaking on this supposition, I requested to know where my dangerous kinsman was, and when Mr Campbell had seen him. The answer was indirect.

«It's a kittle cast she has gien me to play; but yet it's fair play, and I winna baulk her. Mr Osbaldistone, I dwell not very far from hence — my kinsman can show you the way — leave Mr Owen to do the best he can in Glasgow —

do you come and see me in the glens, and it's like I may pleasure you, and stead your father in his extremity. I am but a poor man; but wit's better than wealth — and, cousin," (turning from me to address Mr Jarvie) "if ye daur venture sae muckle as to eat a dish of Scotch collops, and a leg o' red deer venison wi' me, come ye wi' this young Sassenach gentleman as far as Drymen or Bucklivie, or the Clachan of Aberfoil will be better than ony o' them, and I'll hae somebody waiting to weise ye the gate to the place where I may be for the time — What say ye, man? — There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile ye."

"Na, na, Robin," said the cautious burgher, "I seldom like to leave the Gorbals; I hae nae freedom to gang amang your wild hills, Robin, and your kilted redshanks — it doesna become my place, man."

"The devil damn your place and you baith!" reiterated Campbell. "The only drap o' gentle bluid that's in your body was our great-grand uncle's that was justified at Dunbarton, and you set yoursell up to say ye wad derogate frae your place to visit me! — Hearn thee, man, I owe thee a day in harst — I'll pay up your thousan pund Scots, plack and bawbee, gin ye'll be an honest fallow for anes, and just daiker up the gate wi' this Sassenach."

“Hout awa’ wi’ your gentility,” replied the Baillie, “carry your gentle bluid to the Cross, and see what ye’ll buy wi’t. — But, if I *were* to come, wad ye really and sooth-fastly pay me the siller?”

“I swear to ye,” said the Highlander, “upon the halidome of him that sleeps beneath the gray stane at Inch-Cailleach.”

“Sae nae mair, Robin — say nae mair — We’ll see what may be dune. But ye maunna expect me to gang ower the Highland line — I’ll gae beyond the line at no rate. Ye maun meet me about Bucklivie or the Clachan of Aberfoil, and dinna forget the needful.”

“Nae fear — nae fear,” said Campbell, “I’ll be as true as the steel blade that never failed its master. — But I must be budging, cousin, for the air o’ Glasgow tolbooth is no that ower salutary to a Highlander’s constitution.”

“Troth,” replied the merchant, “and if my duty were to be dune, ye couldna change your atmosphere, as the minister ca’s it, this ae wee while. — Ochon, that I suld ever be concerned in aiding and abetting an escape frae justice! it will be a shame and disgrace to me and mine, and my very father’s memory for ever.”

“Hout tout, man, let that flee stick in the wa’,” answered his kinsman; “when the dirt’s dry it will rub out — Your father, honest man,

could look ower a friend's faults as weel as anither."

"Ye may be right, Robin," replied the Bailie, after a moment's reflection; "he was a considerate man the deacon; he kenn'd we had a' our frailties, and he lo'ed his friends — Ye'll no hae forgotten him, Robin?" This question he put in a softened tone, conveying as much at least of the ludicrous as the pathetic.

"Forgotten him!" — replied his kinsman, "what suld ail me to forget him? — a wapping weaver he was, and wrought my first pair o' hose. — But come awa', kinsman,

"Come fill up my cap, come fill up my cann,
Come saddle my horses, and call up my man;
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
I daurna stay langer in bonny Dundee."

"Whisht, sir!" said the magistrate, in an authoritative tone — "lilting and singing sae near the latter end o' the Sabbath? This house may hear you sing anither tune yet — Aweel, we hae a' backslidings to answer for — Stanchells, open the door."

The jailor obeyed, and we all sallied forth. Stanchells looked with some surprise at the two strangers, wondering, doubtless, how they came into these premises without his knowledge; but

Mr Jarvie's «Friends of mine, Stanchells — friends of mine,» silenced all disposition to enquiries. We now descended into the lower vestibule, and hollowed more than once for Dougal, to which summons no answer was returned, when Campbell observed, with a Sardonian smile, «That if Dougal was the lad he kent him, he would scarce wait to get thanks for his ain share of the night's wark, but was in all probability on the full trot to the pass of Ballamaha.

«And left us — and, abune a', me mysell, locked up in the tolbooth a' night!» exclaimed the Baillie in ire and perturbation. «Ca' for fore-hammers, sledge-hammers, pinches, and coulters; send for Deacon Yettlin, the smith, and let him ken that Baillie Jarvie's shut up in the tolbooth by a Hieland blackguard, whom he'll hang as high as Haman» —

«When ye catch him,» said Campbell gravely; «but stay, the door is surely not locked.»

Indeed, on examination, we found that the door was not only left open, but that Dougal in his retreat had, by carrying off the keys along with him, taken care that no one should exercise his office of porter in a hurry.

«He has glimmerings o' common sense now, that creature Dougal,» said Campbell; «he kenn'd an open door might hae served me at a pinch.»

We were by this time in the street.

«I tell you, Robin,” said the magistrate, «in my puir mind, if ye live the life ye do, ye shuld hae ane o’ your gillies door-keeper in every jail in Scatland, in case o’ the warst.”

«Ane o’ my kinsmen a baillie in ilka burgh will just do as weel, cousin Nicol — so, gude-night or gude-morning t’ye, and forget not the Clachan of Aberfoil.”

And without waiting for an answer, he sprung to the other side of the street, and was lost in darkness. Immediately on his disappearance, we heard him give a low whistle of peculiar modulation; which was instantly replied to.

«Hear to the Hieland deevils,” said Mr Jarvie; «they think themsels on the skirts o’ Benlomond already, where they may gang whewing and whistling about without minding Sunday or Saturday.” Here he was interrupted by something which fell with a heavy clash on the street before us — «Gude guide us! what’s this mair o’t? — Mattie, haud up the lantern — Conscience! if it isna the keys — Weel, that’s just as weel — they cost the burgh siller, and there might hae been some clavers about the loss o’ them — O, an Baillie Grahame were to get word o’ this night’s job, it wad be a sair hair in my neck!”

As we were still but a few steps from the tol-booth door, we carried back these implements

of office, and consigned them to the head jailor; who, in lieu of the usual mode of making good his post by turning the keys, was keeping sentry in the vestibule till the arrival of some assistant, whom he had summoned to replace the Celtic fugitive Dougal.

Having discharged this piece of duty to the burgh, and my road lying the same way with the honest magistrate, I profited by the light of his lantern, and he by my arm, to find our way through the streets, which, whatever they may now be, were then dark, uneven, and ill-paved. Age is easily propitiated by attentions from the young. The Baillie expressed himself interested in me, and added, "That since I was nane o' that play-acting and play-ganging generation, whom his saul hated, he wad be glad if I wad eat a reisted haddock, or a fresh herring, at breakfast wi' him the morn, and meet my friend, Mr Owen, whom, by that time, he would place at liberty."

"My dear sir," said I, when I had accepted of the invitation with thanks, "how could you possibly connect me with the stage?"

"I wat na," replied Mr Jarvie; "it was a blethering phrasing chield they ca' Fairservice, that came at e'en to get an order to send the crier through the toun for ye at skreigh o' day the morn. He tell't me whae ye were, and how

ye were sent frae your father's house, because ye wadna be a dealer, and that ye mightna disgrace your family wi' ganging on the stage. Ane Hammorgaw, our precentor, brought him here, and said he was an auld acquaintance; but I sent them baith awa' wi' a flea in their lug for bringing me sic an errand on sic a night. But I see he's a fule-creature a' thegither, and clean mista'en about ye. I like ye, man," he continued; "I like a lad that will stand by his friends in trouble — I aye did it mysel, and sae did the deacon my father, rest and bless him. But ye suldna keep ower muckle company wi' Hielandmen and thae wild cattle. Can a man touch pitch and no be befild? — aye mind that. Nae doubt, the best and wisest may err — Once, twice, and thrice, have I back-slidden, man, and dune three things this night — my father wadna hae believed his e'en if he could hae looked up and seen me do them!"

He was by this time arrived at the door of his own dwelling. He paused, however, on the threshold, and went on in a solemn tone of deep contrition, — "Firstly, I hae thought my ain thoughts on the Sabbath — Secondly, I hae gie'n security for an Englishman — and, in the third and last place, well-a-day! I hae let an ill-doer escape from the place of imprisonment — But there's balm in Gilead, Mr Osbaldistone —

Mattie, I can let mysel in — see Mr Osbaldistone to Luckie Flyter's, at the corner o' the wynd. — Mr Osbaldistone" — in a whisper — "ye'll offer nae incivility to Mattie — she's an honest man's daughter, and a near cousin o' the Laird o' Limmerfield's"

CHAPTER XXIV.

“Will it please your worship to accept of my poor service? I beseech that I may feed upon your bread, though it be of the brownest, and drink of your drink, though it be of the smallest; for I will do your worship as much service for forty shillings as another man shall for three pounds.”

GREENE’S Tu Quoque.

I remembered the honest Baillie’s parting charge, but did not conceive there was any incivility in adding a kiss to the half-crown with which I remunerated Mattie’s attendance; nor did her “Fie for shame, sir,” express any very deadly resentment of the affront. Repeated knocking at Mrs Flyter’s gate awakened in due order, first, one or two stray dogs, who began to bark with all their might; next, two or three night-capped heads, which were thrust out of the neighbouring

windows to reprehend me for disturbing the solemnity of the Sunday night by that untimely noise. While I trembled lest the thunders of their wrath might dissolve in showers, like that of Xantippe, Mrs Flyter herself awoke, and began, in a tone of objurgation not unbecoming the philosophical spouse of Socrates, to scold one or two loiterers in her kitchen, for not hastening to the door to prevent a repetition of my noisy summons.

These worthies were, indeed, nearly concerned in the fracas which their laziness occasioned, being no other than the faithful Mr Fairservice, with his friend Mr Hammorgaw, and another person, whom I afterwards found to be the town-crier, who were sitting over a cog of ale, as they called it, (at my expence, as my bill afterwards informed me,) in order to devise the terms and style of a proclamation to be made through the streets the next day, in order that "the unfortunate young gentleman," as they had the impudence to qualify me, might be restored to his friends without farther delay. It may be supposed that I did not suppress my displeasure at this impertinent interference with my affairs; but Andrew set up such ejaculations of transport at my arrival, as fairly drowned my expressions of resentment. His raptures, perchance, were partly political; and the tears of

joy which he shed had certainly their source in that noble fountain of emotion, the tankard. However, the tumultuous glee which he felt, or pretended to feel, at my return, saved Andrew the broken head which I had twice destined him; first, on account of the colloquy he had held with the precentor on my affairs; and, secondly, for the impertinent history he had thought proper to give of me to Mr Jarvie. I however contented myself with slapping the door of my bed-room in his face as he followed me, praising Heaven for my safe return, and mixing his joy with admonitions to me to take care how I walked be myself in future. I then went to bed, resolving my first business in the morning should be to discharge this troublesome, pedantic, self-conceited coxcomb, who seemed so much disposed to constitute himself rather a preceptor than a domestic.

Accordingly, in the morning I resumed my purpose, and calling Andrew into my apartment, requested to know his charge for guiding and attending me as far as Glasgow. Mr Fairservice looked very blank at this demand, justly considering it as a presage to approaching dimission.

“Your honour,” he said, after some hesitation, “winna think — winna think” — —

“Speak out, you rascal, or I’ll break your head,” said I, as Andrew, between the double

risk of losing all by asking too much, or a part, by stating his demand lower than what I might be willing to pay, stood gasping in the agony of doubt and calculation.

Out it came with a bolt, however, at my threat, as the kind violence of a blow on the back sometimes delivers the windpipe from an intrusive morsel. «Aughteen pennies per diem — that is by the day — your honour wadna think unconscionable.»

«It is double what is usual, and treble what you merit, Andrew; but there's a guinea for you, and get about your business.

«The Lord forgi'e us! Is your honour mad?» exclaimed Andrew.

«No; but I think you mean to make me so — I give you a third above your demand, and you stand staring and expostulating there as if I were cheating you. — Take your money, and go about your business.»

«Gude safe us!» continued Andrew, «in what can I hae offended your honour? — Certainly a' flesh is but as flowers of the field; but if a bed of camomile hath value in medicine, of a surety the use of Andrew Fairservice to your honour is nothing less evident — it's as muckle as your life's worth to part wi' me.»

«Upon my honour,» replied I, «it is difficult to say whether you are more knave or fool. — So

you intend then to remain with me whether I like it or no?"

"Troth, I was e'en thinking sae," replied Andrew, dogmatically; "for if your honour disna ken when ye hae a gude servant, I ken when I hae a gude master, and deil be in my feet gin I leave ye — and there's the brief and the lang o't — besides I hae received nae regular warning to quit my place."

"Your place, sir!" said I; "why, you are no hired servant of mine; you are merely a guide, whose knowledge of the country I availed myself of on my road."

"I am no just a common servant, I admit, sir," remonstrated Mr Fairservice; "but your honour kens I quitted a gude place at an hour's notice, to comply wi' your honour's solicitations. A man might make honestly, and wi' a clear conscience, twenty sterling pounds per annum, weel counted siller, o' the garden at Osbaldistone-Hall, and I wasna likely to gi'e up a' that for a guinea, I trow — I reckoned on staying wi' your honour to the term's end at the least o't; and I account upon my wage, board-wage, fee, and bountith, aye to that length o't at the least."

"Come, come, sir," replied I, "these impudent pretensions won't serve your turn; and if I hear any more of them, I shall convince you,

that Squire Thorncliffe is not the only one of my name that can use his fingers."

While I spoke thus, the whole matter struck me as so ridiculous, that, though really angry, I had some difficulty to forbear laughing at the gravity with which Andrew supported a plea so utterly extravagant. The rascal, aware of the impression he had made on my muscles, was encouraged to perseverance. He judged it safer, however, to take his pretensions a peg lower, in case of overstraining at the same time both his plea and my patience.

"Admitting that my honour could part with a faithful servant, that had served me and mine by day and night for twenty years, in a strange place, and at a moment's warning, he was weel assured," he said, "it wasna in my heart, nor in no true gentleman's, to pit a puir lad like himsell, that had come forty or fifty, or say a hundred miles out o' his road purely to bear my honour company, and that had nae hauding but his penny-fee, to sic a hardship as this comes to."

I think it was you, Will, who once told me, that, to be an obstinate man, I am in certain things the most gullable and malleable of mortals. The fact is, that it is only contradiction which makes me peremptory, and when I do not feel myself called on to give battle to any

proposition, I am always willing to grant it, rather than give myself much trouble. I knew this fellow to be a greedy, tiresome coxcomb; still, however, I must have some one about me in the quality of guide and domestic, and I was so much used to Andrew's humour, that on some occasions it was rather amusing. In the state of indecision to which these reflections led me, I asked Fairservice if he knew the roads, towns, etc. in the north of Scotland, to which my father's concerns with the proprietors of Highland forests were likely to lead me. I believe if I had asked him the road to the terrestrial paradise, he would have at that moment undertaken to guide me to it, so that I had reason afterwards to think myself fortunate in finding that his actual knowledge did not fall very much short of that which he asserted himself to possess. I fixed the amount of his wages, and reserved to my myself the privilege of dismissing him when I chose, upon paying him a week in advance. I gave him finally a severe lecture upon his conduct of the preceding day, and then dismissed him, rejoicing at heart, though somewhat crestfallen in countenance, to rehearse to his friend the precentor, who was taking his morning draught in the kitchen, the mode in which he had "cuitled up the daft young English squire."

Agreeable to appointment, I went next to Baillie

Nicol Jarvie's, where a comfortable morning's repast was arranged in the parlour, which served as an apartment of all hours, and almost all works, to that honest gentleman. The bustling and benevolent magistrate had been as good as his word. I found my friend Owen at liberty, and, conscious of the refreshments, and purifications of brush and bason, was of course a very different person from Owen a prisoner, squalid, heart-broken, and hopeless. Yet the sense of pecuniary difficulties arising behind, before, and around him, had depressed his spirit, and the almost paternal embrace which the good man gave me, was embittered by a sigh of the deepest anxiety. And when he sate down, the heaviness in his eye and manner, so different from the quiet composed satisfaction which they usually exhibited, indicated, that he was employing his arithmetic in mentally numbering up the days, the hours, the minutes which yet remained as an interval between the dishonour of bills and the downfall of the great commercial establishment of Osbaldistone and Tresham. It was left to me, therefore, to do honour to our landlord's hospitable cheer, — to his tea, right from China, which he got in a present from some eminent ship's-husband at Wapping, — to his coffee, from a snug plantation of his own, as he informed us with a wink, called Salt-market

Grove, in the island of Jamaica, — to his English toast and ale, his Scotch dried salmon, his Lochfine herrings, and even to the double damask tablecloth, «wrought by no hand, as you may guess,” save that of his deceased father, the worthy Deacon Jarvie. Having conciliated our good-humoured host by those little attentions which are great to most men, I endeavoured in my turn to gain from him some information which might be useful for my guidance, as well as for the satisfaction of my curiosity. We had not hitherto made the least allusion to the transactions of the preceding night, a circumstance which made my question sound somewhat abrupt, when, without any previous introduction of the subject, I took advantage of a pause when the history of the tablecloth ended, and that of the napkins was about to commence, to enquire, «Pray, by the bye, Mr Jarvie, who may this Mr Robert Campbell be, whom we met with last night?”

The interrogatory seemed to strike the honest magistrate, to use the vulgar phrase, «all of a heap,” and instead of answering, he repeated the question, — «Whae’s Mr Robert Campbell? — ahem — ahay! — Whae’s Mr Robert Campbell, quo’ he?”

«Yes,” said I, «I mean who, and what is he?”

“Why, he’s — ahay! — he’s — ahem! — Where did ye meet with Mr Robert Campbell, as ye ca’ him?”

“I met him by chance,” I replied, “some months ago, in the north of England.”

“Ou then, Mr Osbaldistone,” said the Baillie doggedly, “ye’ll ken as muckle about him as I do.”

“I should suppose not, Mr Jarvie,” I replied; “you are his relation it seems, and his friend.”

“There is some cousin-red between us, doubtless,” said the Baillie reluctantly, “but we hae seen little o’ ilk other since Rob gae up the cattle-line o’ dealing, poor fallow; he was hardly guided by them might hae used him better — and they haena made their black a bawbee o’t neither. There’s mony ane this day wad rather they had never chased puir Robin frae Cross o’ Glasgow — there’s mony ane wad rather see him again at the tail o’ three hundred kyloes, than at the head o’ thirty waur cattle.”

“All this explains nothing to me, Mr Jarvie, of Mr Campbell’s rank, habits of life, and means of subsistence,” I replied.

“Rank?” said Mr Jarvie; “he’s a Hieland gentleman, nae doubt — better rank need nane to be; — and for habit, I judge he wears the Hieland habit amang the hills, though he has brecks on when he comes to Glasgow; — and as for

his subsistence, what needs we care about his subsistence, sae lang as he asks naething frae huz, ye ken. But I hae nae time for clavering about him e'en now, because we maun look into your father's concerns wi' a' speed."

So saying, he put on his spectacles, and sate down to examine Mr Owen's states, which the other thought it most prudent to communicate to him without reserve. I knew enough of business to be aware that nothing could be more acute and sagacious than the views which Jarvie entertained of the matters submitted to his examination; and, to do him justice, it was marked by much fairness and even liberality. He scratched his ear indeed repeatedly, on observing the balance which stood at the debit of Osbaldistone and Tresham in account with him personally.

"It may be a dead loss," he observed; "and conscience! whate'er ane o' your Lombard-street goldsmiths may say to it, it's a snell ane in the Sautmarket o' Glasgow. It will be a heavy deficit — a staff out o' my bicker, I trow. But what then? — I trust the house winna coup the crans for a' that's com'd and gane yet; and if it does, I'll never bear sae base a mind as thae corbies in the Gallowgate — an' I am to lose by ye, I'se ne'er deny I hae won by ye mony a fair pund sterling — Sae, an' it come to the

warst, I'se e'en lay the head o' the sow to the tail o' the grice."

I did not altogether understand the proverbial arrangement with which Mr Jarvie consoled himself, but I could easily see that he took a kind and friendly interest in the arrangement of my father's affairs, suggested several expedients, approved several arrangements proposed by Owen, and, by his countenance and counsel, greatly abated the gloom upon the brow of that afflicted delegate of my father's establishment.

As I was an idle spectator on this occasion, and, perhaps, as I showed some inclination more than once to return to the prohibited, and, apparently, the puzzling subject of Mr Campbell, Mr Jarvie dismissed me with little formality, with an advice to «gang up the gate to the College, where I wad find some chields should speak Greek and Latin weel, at least they got plenty o' siller for doing deil hae't else, if they didna do that, and where I might read a spell o' the wordy Mr Zachary Boyd's translation o' the Scriptures — better poetry need nane to be, as he had been tell'd by them that kenn'd, or suld hae kenn'd, about sic things." But he seasoned this dismissal with a kind and hospitable invitation, «to come back and take part o' his family-chack, at ane preceesely — there

wad be a leg o' mutton, and, it might be, a
tup's head, for they were in season;" but, above
all, I was to return at «ane o'clock preceesely
— it was the hour he and the deacon his father
aye dined at — they pat it aff for naething nor
for naebody."

CHAPTER XXV

To stand the Thronian hardman with his sword
fixed in the gap, and hopes the hunted deacon
and hears him in the rustling wind, and recalls
his course at distance by the leading trees, says
the think — there comes my most of enemy,
and either he must fall in fight or otherwise.

Polemion and Arctis

I took the route towards the College, as re-
commended by Mr. Jarvis, less with the intention
of seeking for any object of interest or amuse-
ment, than to arrange my own ideas and needs
late on my future conduct. I wandered from
one quadrangle of old-fashioned buildings to
another, and from thence to the College-yard,
or walking-ground, where, pleased with the ap-
pearance of the place, most of the students being
engaged in their classes, I took several turns
pondering on the waywardness of my own destiny.


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CHAPTER XXV.

*So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear  
Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear;  
And hears him in the rustling wood, and sees  
His course at distance by the bending trees,  
And thinks — Here comes my mortal enemy,  
And either he must fall in fight, or I.*

*Palamon and Arcite.*

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I took the route towards the College, as recommended by Mr Jarvie, less with the intention of seeking for any object of interest or amusement, than to arrange my own ideas and meditate on my future conduct. I wandered from one quadrangle of old-fashioned buildings to another, and from thence to the College-yards, or walking-ground, where, pleased with the solitude of the place, most of the students being engaged in their classes, I took several turns, pondering on the waywardness of my own destiny.



I could not doubt, from the circumstances attending my first meeting with this person Campbell, that he was engaged in some strangely desperate courses, and the reluctance with which Mr Jarvie alluded to his person or pursuits, as well as all the scene of the preceding night, tented to confirm these suspicions. Yet to this man Diana Vernon had not, it would seem, hesitated to address herself in my behalf; and the conduct of the magistrate himself towards him, shewed an odd mixture of kindness and even respect with pity and censure. Something there must be uncommon in Campbell's situation and character; and what was still more extraordinary, it seemed that his fate doomed to have influence over, and connection with, my own. I resolved to bring Mr Jarvie to close quarters on the first proper opportunity, and learn as much as was possible on the subject of this mysterious person, in order that I might judge whether it was possible for me, without prejudice to my reputation, to hold that degree of farther correspondence with him to which he seemed to invite.

While I was musing on these subjects, my attention was attracted by three persons who appeared at the upper end of the walk through which I was sauntering, seemingly engaged in very earnest conversation. That intuitive impres-



sion which announces to us the approach of whomsoever we love or hate with intense vehemence, long before a more indifferent eye can recognise their persons, flashed upon my mind the sure conviction that the midmost of these three men was Rashleigh Osbaldistone. To address him was my first impulse; my second was, to watch him until he was alone, or at least to reconnoitre his companions before confronting him. The party was still at such distance, and engaged in such deep discourse, that I had time to step unobserved to the other side of a small hedge, which imperfectly screened the alley in which I was walking.

It was at this period the fashion of the young and gay to wear, in their morning walks, a scarlet cloak, often laced and embroidered, above their other dress, and it was the trick of the time for gallants occasionally to dispose it so as to muffle a part of the face. The imitating this fashion, with the degree of shelter which I received from the hedge, enabled me to meet my cousin, unobserved by him or the others, except perhaps as a passing stranger. I was not a little startled at recognising in his companions that very Morris on whose account I had been summoned before Justice Inglewood, and Mr MacVittie the merchant, at whose starched and severe aspect I had recoiled on the preceding day.



A more ominous conjunction to my own affairs, and those of my father, could scarce have been formed. I remembered Morris's false accusation against me, which he might be as easily induced to renew as he had been intimidated to withdraw it; I recollected the inauspicious influence of MacVittie over my father's affairs, testified by the imprisonment of Owen; and I now saw both these men combined with one, whose talents for mischief I deemed little inferior to those of the great author of all ill, and my abhorrence of whom almost amounted to dread.

When they had passed me for some paces, I turned and followed them unobserved. At the end of the walk they separated, Morris and MacVittie leaving the gardens, and Rashleigh returning alone through the walks. I was now determined to confront him, and demand reparation for the injuries he had done my father, though in what form redress was likely to be rendered remained to be known. This, however, I trusted to chance; and, flinging back the cloack in which I was muffled, I passed through a gap of the low hedge, and presented myself before Rashleigh, as, in a deep reverie, he paced down the avenue.

Rashleigh was no man to be surprised or thrown off his guard by sudden occurrences. Yet he did



not find me thus close to him, wearing undoubtedly in my face the marks of that indignation which was glowing in my bosom, without visibly starting at an apparition so sudden and so menacing.

“You are well met, sir,” was my commencement; “I was about to take a long and doubtful journey in quest of you.”

“You know little of him you sought, then,” replied Rashleigh, with his wonted undaunted composure. “I am easily found by my friends — still more easily by my foes; — your manner compels me to ask in which class I must rank Mr Francis Osbaldistone?”

“In that of your foes, sir,” I answered; “in that of your mortal foes, unless you instantly do justice to your benefactor, my father, by accounting for his property.”

“And to whom, Mr Osbaldistone,” answered Rashleigh, “am I, a member of your father’s commercial establishment, to be compelled to give any account of my proceedings in those concerns, which are in every respect identified with my own? — Surely not to a young gentleman whose exquisite taste for literature would render such discussions disgusting and unintelligible.”

“Your sneer, sir, is no answer; I will not part with you until I have full satisfaction con-



cerning the fraud you meditate — you shall go with me before a magistrate.”

“Be it so,” said Rashleigh, and made a step or two as if to accompany me; then pausing, proceeded: — “Were I inclined to do as you would have me, you should soon feel which of us had most reason to dread the presence of a magistrate. But I have no wish to accelerate your fate. Go, young man! amuse yourself in your world of poetical imaginations, and leave the business of life to those who understand and can conduct it.”

His intention, I believe, was to provoke me, and he succeeded. “Mr Osbaldistone,” I said, “this tone of calm insolence shall not avail you. You ought to be aware that the name we both bear never submitted to insult, and shall not in my person be exposed to it.”

“You remind me,” said Rashleigh, with one of his blackest looks, “that it was dishonoured in my person! — and you remind me also by whom! Do you think I have forgotten the evening at Osbaldistone-Hall, when you cheaply and with impunity played the bully at my expence? For that insult — never to be washed out but by blood — for the various times you have crossed my path, and always to my prejudice — for the persevering folly with which you seek to traverse schemes, the importance of



which you neither know nor are capable of estimating, — for all these, sir, you owe me a long account, for which there shall come an early day of reckoning.”

“Let it come when it will,” I replied, “I shall be willing and ready to meet it. Yet you seem to have forgotten the heaviest article — that I had the pleasure to aid Miss Vernon’s good sense and virtuous feeling in extricating her from your infamous toils.”

I think his dark eyes flashed actual fire at this home-taunt, and yet his voice retained the same calm expressive tone with which he had hitherto conducted the conversation.

“I had other views with respect to you, young man,” was his answer; “less hazardous for you, and more suitable to my present character and former education. But I see you will draw on yourself the personal chastisement your boyish insolence so well merits. Follow me to a more remote spot, where we are less likely to be interrupted.”

I followed him accordingly, keeping a strict eye on his motions, for I believed him capable of the very worst actions. We reached an open spot in a sort of wilderness, laid out in the Dutch taste, with clipped hedges, and one or two statues. I was on my guard, and it was well with me that I was so; for Rashleigh’s



sword was out and at my breast ere I could throw down my cloak, or get my weapon unsheathed, so that I only saved my life by springing a pace or two backwards. He had some advantage in the difference of our weapons; for his sword, as I recollect, was longer than mine, and had one of those bayonet or three-cornered blades which are now generally worn; whereas, mine was what we then called a Saxon blade — narrow, flat, and two-edged, and scarcely so manageable as that of my enemy. In other respects we were pretty equally matched; for what advantage I might possess in superior address and agility, was fully counter-balanced by Rashleigh's great strength and coolness. He fought, indeed, more like a fiend than a man — with concentrated spite and desire of blood, only allayed by that cool consideration which made his worst actions appear yet worse, from the air of deliberate premeditation which seemed to accompany them. His obvious malignity of purpose never for a moment threw him off his guard, and he exhausted every feint and stratagem proper to the science of defence; while, at the same time, he meditated the most desperate catastrophe to our rencounter.

On my part, the combat was at first sustained with more moderation. My passions, though hasty, were not malevolent; and the walk of



two or three minutes space gave me time to reflect that Rashleigh was my father's nephew, the son of an uncle, who after his fashion had been kind to me, and that his falling by my hand could not but occasion much family distress. My first resolution, therefore, was to attempt to disarm my antagonist, a manœuvre in which, confiding in my supposed superiority of skill and practice, I anticipated little difficulty. I found, however, I had met my match; and one or two foils which I received, and from the consequences of which I narrowly escaped, obliged me to observe more caution in my mode of fighting. By degrees I became exasperated at the rancour with which Rashleigh sought my life, and returned his passes with an inveteracy resembling in some degree his own; so that the combat had all the appearance of being destined to have a tragic issue. That issue had nearly taken place at my expence. My foot slipped in a full lunge which I made at my adversary, and I could not so far recover myself as completely to parry the thrust with which my pass was repaid. Yet it took but partial effect, running through my waistcoat, grazing my ribs, and passing through my coat behind. The hilt of Rashleigh's sword, so great was the vigour of his trust, struck against my breast with such force as to give me great pain, and confirm me in the momentary belief



that I was mortally wounded. Eager for revenge, I grappled with my enemy, seizing with my left hand the hilt of his sword, and shortening my own with the purpose of running him through the body. Our death-grapple was interrupted by a man who forcibly threw himself between us, and pushing us separate from each other, exclaimed, in a loud and commanding voice, «What! the sons of those who sucked the same breast shedding each others bluid as it were strangers'! — By the hand of my father, I will cleave to the brisket the first man that mints another stroke.»

I looked up in astonishment. The speaker was no other than Campbell. He had a basket-hilted broadsword, drawn, in his hand, which he made to whistle around his head as he spoke, as if for the purpose of enforcing his mediation. Rashleigh and I stared in silence at this unexpected intruder, who proceeded to exhort us alternately; «Do you, Maister Francis, opine that ye will re-establish your father's credit by cutting your kinsman's thrapple, or getting your ain sneckit instead thereof in the College-yards of Glasgow? — Or do ye, Maister Rashleigh, think men will trust their lives and fortunes wi' ane, that, when in point of trust and in point of confidence wi' a great political interest, gangs about brawling like a drunken gillie? — Nay,



never look gash or grim at me, man — if ye're angry, ye ken how to turn the buckle o' your belt behind you."

"You presume on my present situation," replied Rashleigh, "or you would hardly have dared to interfere where my honour is concerned."

"Hout, tout, tout! — Presume? — And what for should it be presuming? — Ye may be the richer man, Mr Osbaldistone, as is maist likely, and ye may be the mair learned man, whilk I dispute not; but I reckon ye are neither a prettier man nor a better gentleman than mysell, and it will be news to me when I hear ye are as gude. And *dare* too? — Muckle daring there's about it — I trow here I stand, that hae slashed as het a haggies as ony o' the twa o' ye, and thought nae muckle o' my morning's wark when it was dune. If my foot were on the heather, as it's on the causeway, or this pickle gravel, that's little better, I hae been waur mistrusted than if I were set to gie ye baith your ser'ing o't."

Rashleigh had by this time recovered his temper completely. "My kinsman," he said, "will acknowledge he forced this quarrel on me. It was none of my seeking. I am glad we were interrupted before I chastised his forwardness more severely."



“Are ye hurt, lad?” enquired Campbell at me with some appearance of interest.

“A very slight scratch,” I answered, “which my kind cousin would not long have boasted of had not you come between us.”

“In troth, and that’s true, Maister Rashleigh,” said Campbell; “for the cauld iron and your best bluid were like to hae become acquaint when I mastered Mr Frank’s right hand. But never look like a sow playing on a trump for the luve o’ that, man — come and walk wi’ me. I hae news to tell ye, and ye’ll cool and come to yoursell, like Mac-Gibbon’s crowdy, when when he set it out at the window-bole.”

“Pardon me, sir,” said I, “your intentions have seemed friendly to me on more occasions than one; but I must not, and will not, quit sight of this person, until he yields up to me those means of doing justice to my father’s engagements, of which he has treacherously possessed himself.”

“Ye’re daft, man,” replied Campbell, “it will serve ye naething to follow us e’en now. Ye hae just enow o’ ae man; wad ye bring twa on your head, and might bide quiet?”

“Twenty,” I replied, “if it be necessary.”

I laid my hand on Rashleigh’s collar, who made no resistance, but said, with a sort of scornful smile, “You hear him, MacGregor!”



he rushes on his fate — will it be my fault if he falls into it? — The warrants are by this time ready, and all is prepared.”

The Scotchman was obviously embarrassed. He looked around, and before, and behind him, and then said, „The ne’er a bit will I yield my consent to his being ill-guided, for standing up for the father that got him — and I gie God’s malison and mine to a’ sort o’ magistrates, justices, baillies, sheriffs, sheriff-officers, constables, and sic like black cattle, that hae been the plagues o’ puir auld Scotland this hunder year; — it was a merry warld when every man held his ain gear wi’ his ain grip, and when the country side wasna fashed wi’ warrants and poindings and apprizings, and a’ that cheatry craft. And ance mair I say it, my conscience winna see this puir thoughtless lad ill-guided, and especially wi’ that sort o’ trade. I wad rather ye fell till’t again, and fought it out like douce honest men.”

„Your conscience, MacGregor!” said Rashleigh; „you forget how long you and I have known each other.”

„Yes, my conscience;” reiterated Campbell, or MacGregor, or whatever was his name, „I hae such a thing about me, Maister Osbaldistone; and therein it may weel chance that I hae the better o’ you. As to our knowledge of each



other, — if you ken what I am, ye ken what usage it was made me what I am; and, whatever you may think, I would not change states with the proudest of the oppressors that hae driven me to tak the heather bush for a beild. What *you* are, Maister Rashleigh, and what excuse ye hae for being *what* you are, is between your ain heart and the lang day. — And now, Maister Francis, let go his collar; for he says truly, that ye are in mair danger from a magistrate than he is, and were your cause as straight as an arrow, he wad find a way to put you wrang — So let go his craig, as I was saying.”

He seconded his words with an effort so sudden and unexpected, that he freed Rashleigh from my hold, and securing me, notwithstanding my struggles, in his own Herculean gripe, he called out, “Take the bent, Mr Rashleigh. Make ae pair o’ legs worth twa pair o’ hands; ye hae dune that before now.”

“You may thank this gentleman, kinsman,” said Rashleigh, “if I leave any part of my debt to you unpaid; and if I quit you now, it is only in the hope we shall soon meet again without the possibility of interruption.”

He took up his sword, wiped it, sheathed it, and was lost among the bushes.



The Scotchman, partly by force, partly by remonstrances, prevented my following him; indeed, I began to be of opinion, my doing so would be to little purpose.

“As I live by bread,” said Campbell, when, after one or two struggles in which he used much forbearance towards me, he perceived me inclined to stand quiet, “I never saw sae daft a callant! I wad hae gien the best man in the country the breadth o’ his back gin he had gien me sic a kemping as ye hae dune. What wad ye do? — Wad ye follow the wolf to his den? — I tell ye, man, he has the auld trap set for ye — He has got the collector-creature Morris to bring up a’ the auld story again, and ye maun look for nae help frae me as ye got at Justice Inglewood’s — It isna gude for my health to come in the gate o’ thae whigamore baillie bodies. Now gang your ways hame, like a gude bairn — jouk and let the jaw gae bye — Keep out o’ sight o’ Rashleigh, and Morris, and that MacVittie animal — Mind the Clachan of Aberfoil, as I said before, and, by the word of a gentleman, I winna see ye wranged. But keep a calm sough till we meet again — I maun gae and get Rashleigh out o’ the town afore waur comes o’t, for the neb o’ him’s never out o’ mischief — Mind the Clachan of Aberfoil.”



He turned upon his heel, and left me to meditate upon the singular events which had befallen me. My first care was to adjust my dress and reassume my cloak, disposing it so as to conceal the blood which flowed down my right side; I had scarcely accomplished this, before (the classes of the College being dismissed) the gardens began to be filled with parties of the students. I therefore left them as soon as possible; and in my way towards Mr Jarvie's, whose dinner hour was now approaching, I stopped at a small unpretending shop, the sign of which intimated the indweller to be Christopher Neilson, surgeon and apothecary. I requested of a little boy who was pounding some stuff in a mortar, that he would procure me an audience of this learned pharmacopolist. He opened the door of the back-shop, where I found a lively elderly man, who shook his head incredulously at some idle account I gave him of having been wounded accidentally by the button breaking off my antagonist's foil while I was engaged in a fencing match. When he had applied some lint and somewhat else he thought proper to the trifling wound I had received, he observed, "There never was button on the foil that made this hurt. Ah! young blood! — young blood! — But we surgeons are a secret generation — If



it werena for hot blood and ill bluid, what would become of the twa learned faculties?"

With which moral reflection he dismissed me, and I experienced very little pain or inconvenience afterwards from the scratch I had received.

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 CHAPTER XXVI.

*An iron race the mountain-cliffs maintain,  
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain.*

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

*Who, while their rocky ramparts round they  
see,  
The rough abode of want and liberty,  
As lawless force from confidence will grow,  
Insult the plenty of the vales below.*

GRAY.

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» **W**HAT made ye sae late?" said Mr Jarvie, as I entered the dining-parlour of that honest gentleman; «it has chappit ane the best feck o' five minutes by-gane. Mattie has been twice at the door wi' the dinner, and, weel for you, it was a tup's head, for that canna suffer by delay. A sheep's head ower muckle boiled is rank poison,



as my worthy father used to say — he likit the lug o' ane weel, honest man."

I made a suitable apology for my breach of punctuality, and was soon seated at table, where Mr Jarvie presided with great glee and hospitality, compelling, however, Owen and myself to do rather more justice to the Scottish dainties with which his board was charged, than was quite agreeable to our southern palates. I escaped pretty well, from having those habits of society which enable one to elude this species of well-meant persecution. But it was ridiculous enough to see Owen, whose ideas of politeness were more rigorous and formal, and who was willing, in all acts of lawful compliance, to evince his respect for the friend of the firm, eating, with rueful complaisance, mouthful after mouthful of singed wool, and pronouncing it excellent, in a tone in which disgust almost overpowered civility.

When the cloth was removed, Mr Jarvie compounded with his own hands a very small bowl of brandy-punch, the first which I had ever the fortune to see.

"The limes," he assured us, "were from his own little farm yonder awa," (indicating the West Indies with a knowing shrug of his shoulders,) "and he had learned the art of composing the liquor from old Captain Coffinkey, who acquired



it," he added in a whisper, „as maist folk thought, amang the Buccanneers. But it's excellent liquor," said he, helping us around; „and good ware has aften come frae a wicked market. And as for Captain Coffinkey, he was a decent man when I kent him, only he used to swear awfully — But he's dead, and gane to his account, and I trust he's accepted — I trust he's accepted."

We found the liquor exceedingly palatable, and it led to a long conversation between Owen and our host on the opening which the Union had afforded to trade between Glasgow and the British colonies in America and the West Indies, and on the facilities which Glasgow possessed of making up *sortable* cargoes for that market. Mr Jarvie answered some objection which Owen made on the difficulty of sorting a cargo for America, without buying from England, with vehemence and volubility.

„Na, na, sir, we stand on our ain bottom — we pickle in our ain pock-neuk — We hae our Stirling serges, Musselburgh stuffs, Aberdeen hose, Edinburgh shalloons, and the like, for our woolen or worsted goods — and we hae linens of a' kinds better and cheaper than you hae in Lunnon itsel — and we can buy your north o' England wares, as Manchester wares, Sheffield wares, and Newcastle earthen-ware, as cheap as you can at Liverpool — And we are making a



fair spell at cottons and muslins — Na, na! let every herring hing by its ain head, and every sheep by its ain shank, and ye'll find, sir, us Glasgow folk no sae far ahint but what we may follow. — This is but poor entertainment for you, Mr Osbaldistone," (observing that I had been for some time silent,) „but ye ken cadgers maun aye be speaking about cart saddles."

I apologized, alleging the painful circumstances of my own situation, and the singular adventures of the morning, as the causes of my abstraction and absence of mind. In this manner I gained what I sought — an opportunity of telling my story distinctly and without interruption. I only omitted mentioning the wound I had received, which I did not think worthy of notice. Mr Jarvie listened with great attention and apparent interest, twinkling his little grey eyes, taking snuff, and only interrupting me by brief interjections. When I came to the account of the rencounter, at which Owen folded his hands and cast up his eyes to Heaven, the very image of woeful surprise, Mr Jarvie broke in upon the narration with „Wrang now — clean wrang — to draw a sword on your kinsman is inhibited by the laws o' God and man; and to draw a sword on the streets of a royal burgh, is punishable by fine and imprisonment — and the College-yards arena better privileged — they



should be a place of peace and quietness, I trow. The College didna get gude L.600 a-year out o' bishops' rents, (sorrow fa' the brood o' bishops and their rents too!) nor yet a lease o' the archbishoprick o' Glasgow the sell o't, that they suld let folk tulzie in their yards, or the wild callants bicker there wi' snawba's as they whiles do, that when Mattie and I gae through, we are fain to make a baik and a bow, or rin the risk o' our hairns being knockit out — it suld be looked to — But come awa' wi' your tale — what fell neist?"

On my mentioning the appearance of Mr Campbell, Jarvie arose in great surprise, and paced the room, exclaiming, „Robin again? — Robert's mad — clean wud, and waur — Rob will be hanged and disgrace a' his kindred, and that will be seen and heard tell o'. My father the deacon wrought him his first hose — odd, I am thinking Deacon Threeplye, the rape-spinner, will be spinning his last cravat. Ay, ay, puir Robin is in a fair way o' being hanged — but come awa' — come awa' — let's hear the lave o't."

I told the whole story as pointedly as I could; but Mr Jarvie still found something lacking to make it clear, until I went back, though with considerable reluctance, on the whole story of Morris and of my meeting with Campbell at



the house of Justice Inglewood. Mr Jarvie inclined a serious ear to all this, and remained silent for some time after I had finished my narrative.

„Upon all these matters I am now to ask your advice, Mr Jarvie, which, I have no doubt, will point out the best way to act for my father's advantage and my own honour.”

„Ye're right, young man — ye're right,” said Jarvie. „Aye take the counsel of those who are aulder and wiser than yoursell, and binna like the godless Rehoboam, who took the advice o' a wheen beardless callants, neglecting the auld counsellors who had sate at the feet o' his father Solomon, and, as it was weel put by Mr Meiklejohn, in his lecture on the chapter, were doubtless partakers of his sapience. But I maun hear naething about honour — we ken naething here but about credit. Honour is a homicide and a bloodspiller, that gangs about making frays in the street; but Credit is a decent, honest man, that sits at hame and makes the pat play.”

„Assuredly, Mr Jarvie,” said our friend Owen, „credit is the sum total; and if we can but save that, at whatever discount” —

„Ye are right, Mr Owen — ye are right; ye speak well and wisely; and I trust bowls will row right, though they are awce ajee e'enow. But touching Robin, I am of opinion he will



befriend this young man if it is in his power. He has a gude heart, puir Robin; and though I lost a matter o' twa hunder pund wi' his former engagements, and haena muckle expectation ever to see back my thousand pund Scots that he promises me e'enow, yet I will never say but what Robin means fair by a' men."

"I am then to consider him," I replied, "as an honest man?"

"Umph!" replied Jarvie, with a precautionary sort of cough, — "Ay, he has a kind o' Hieland honesty — he's honest after a sort, as they say. My father the deacon used aye to laugh when he tauld me how that bye-word came up. Ane Captain Costlett was cracking crouse about his loyalty to King Charles; and Clerk Pettigrew (ye'll hae heard mony a tale about him) asked him after what manner he served the king, when he was fighting again him at Worster in Cromwell's army; and Captain Costlett was a ready body, and said that he served him *after a sort*. My honest father used to laugh weel at that sport — and sae the bye-word came up."

"But do you think," I said, "that this man will be able to serve me after a sort, or should I trust myself to this place of rendezvous which he has given me?"

"Frankly and fairly, it's worthy trying. Ye see yoursell there's some risk in your staying here."



This bit body Morris has gotten a custom-house place down at Greenock — that's a port on the Firth doun bye here; and tho' a' the warld kens him to be but a twa-leggit creature, wi' a goose's head and a hen's heart, that goes about on the quay plaguing folk about permits, and cockits, and dockits, and a' that vexatious trade, yet if he lodge an information — ou, nae doubt a man in magisterial duty maun attend to it, and ye might come to be clapped up between four wa's, whilk wad be ill-convenient to your father's affairs."

"True," I observed; „yet what service am I likely to render him by leaving Glasgow, which, it is probable, will be the principal scene of Rashleigh's machinations, and committing myself to the doubtful faith of a man of whom I know little but that he fears justice, and has doubtless good reason for doing so; and that, for some secret, and probably dangerous purpose, he is in close league and alliance with the very person who is like to be the author of our ruin?"

"Ah! but ye judge Rob hardly," said the Baillie, — „ye judge him hardly, puir chield; and the truth is, that ye ken naething about our hill country, or Hielands, as we ca' them. They are clean anither set frae the like o' huz; there's nae bailliecourts amang them — nae magistrates



that dinna bear the sword in vain, like the worthy deacon that's awa — and, I may say't, like mysell and other present magistrates in this city — But it's just the laird's command, and the loon maun loup; and the never another law hae they but the length o' their dirks — the broadsword's pursuer or plaintiff, as you Englishers ca' it, and the target is defender; the stoutest head bears langest out — and there's a Hieland plea for ye."

Owen groaned deeply; and I allow that the description did not greatly increase my desire to trust myself in a country so lawless as he described these Scottish mountains.

"Now, sir," said Jarvie, "we speak little o' thae things, because they are familiar to oursells; and where's the use o' vilifying ane's country, and bringing a discredit on ane's kin, before southrons and strangers? It's an ill bird that files its ain nest."

"Well, sir, but as it is no impertinent curiosity of mine, but real necessity, that obliges me to make these enquiries, I hope you will not be offended at my pressing for a little further information. I have to deal, on my father's account, with several gentlemen of these wild countries, and I must trust your good sense and experience for the requisite lights upon the subject."



This little morsel of flattery was not thrown out in vain.

„Experience!“ said the Baillie, „I hae had experience, nae doubt, and I hae made some calculations — Ay, and to speak quietly amang oursell, I hae made some perquisitions through Andrew Wylie, my auld clerk; he's wi' MacVittie and Co. now — but he whiles drinks a gill on the Saturday afternoons wi' his auld master. And since ye say ye are willing to be guided by the Glasgow weaver body's advice, I am no the man that will refuse it to the son of an auld correspondent, and my father the deacon was nane sic afore me. I have whiles thought o' letting my lights burn before the Duke of Argyle, or his brother Lord Ilay, (for wherefore should they be hidden under a bushel?) but the like o' thae grit men wadna mind the like o' me, a puir wabster body — they think mair o' wha says a thing than o' what's said. The mair's the pity — mair's the pity — Not that I wad speak ony ill of this Maccallummore — ‘Curse not the rich in your bed chamber,’ saith the son of Sirach, for a bird of the air shall carry the clatter, and pint-stoups hae lang lugs.“

I interrupted these prolegomena, in which Mr Jarvie was apt to be somewhat diffuse, by praying him to rely upon Mr Owen and myself as perfectly secret and safe confidants.



„It's no for that," he replied, „for I fear nae man — what for suld I? — I speak nae treason Only thae Hielandmen hae lang grips, and I whiles gang a wee bit up the glens to see some auld kinsfolks, and I wadna willingly be in bad blude wi' ony o' their clans. Howsumever, to proceed — Ye maun understand I found my remarks on figures, whilk, as Mr Owen here weel kens, is the only true demonstrable root of human knowledge."

Owen readily assented to a proposition so much in his own way, and our orator proceeded.

„These Hielands of ours, as we ca' them, gentlemen, are but a wild kind of warld by themselves, full of heights and hows, woods, caverns, lochs, rivers, and mountains, that it wad tire the very deevil's wings to flee to the tap o' them. And in this country, and in the isles, whilk are little better, or, to speak the truth, rather waur than the main land, there are about twa hunder and thirty parochines, including the Orkneys, where, whether they speak Gaelic or no, I wotna, but they are an uncivilized people. — Now, sirs, I sall haud ilk parochine at the moderate estimate of eight hunder examinable persons, deducting children under nine years of age, and then adding onefifth to stand for bairns of nine years auld, and under, the whole population will reach to the sum of — let us add one-fifth to 800



to be the multiplier, and 230 being the multiplicand" —

„The preduct," said Mr Owen, who entered delightedly into these statistics of Mr Jarvie, „will be 230,000."

„Right, sir — perfectly right; and the array of this Hieland country, were a' the men-folk between aughteen and fifty-six brought out that could bear arms, couldna come weel short of fifty-seven thousand five hundred men. Now, sir, it's a sad and awfu' truth, that there is neither wark, nor the very fashion or appearance of wark, for the tae half of thae puir creatures; that is to say, that the agriculture, the pasturage, the fisheries, and every species of honest industry about the country, cannot employ the one moiety of the population, let them work as lazily as they like, and they *do* work as if a pleugh or a spade burnt their fingers. Aweel, sirs, this moiety of unemployed bodies, amounting to —"

„To one hundred and fifteen thousand souls," said Owen, „being the half of the above product."

„Ye hae't, Maister Owen — ye hae't — whereof there may be twenty-eight thousand seven hundred able-bodied gillies fit to bear arms, and that do bear arms, and will touch or look at nae honest means of livelihood even if they could get it — which, lak-a-day, they cannot."

„But is it possible," said I, „Mr Jarvie, that



this can be a just picture of so large a portion of the island of Britain?"

„Sir, I'll make it as plain as Peter Pasley's pike-staff — I will allow that ilk parochine, on an average, employs fifty pleughs, whilk is a great proportion in sic miserable soil as they creatures hae to labour, and that there may be pasture aneugh for pleughhorses, and owsen, and forty or fifty cows; now, to take care o' the pleughs and cattle, we'se allow seventy-five families of six lives in ilk family, and we'se add fifty mair to make even numbers, and ye hae five hundred souls, the tae half o' the population, employed and maintained in a sort o' fashion, wi' some chance of sour-milk and crowdie; but I wad be glad to ken what the other five hunder are to do?"

„In the name of God!" said I, „what do they do, Mr Jarvie? It makes me shudder to think of their situation."

„Sir," replied the Baillie, „ye wad may be shudder mair if ye were living near-hand them. For, admitting that the tae half of them may make some little thing for themsells honestly in the Lowlands, by shearing in harst, droving, haymaking, and the like; ye hae still mony hundreds and thousands o' lang-legged Hieland gillies that will neither work nor want, and maun gang thigging and sorning about on their acquaintance, or live by the doing the laird's bidding, be't right or be't



wrang. And mair especially, mony hundreds o' them come down to the borders of the low country, where there's gear to grip, and live by stealing, reiving, lifting cows, and the like depredations! A thing doplorable in ony Christian country — the mair especially, that they take a pride in it, and reckon driving a spreagh (whilk is, in plain Scotch, stealing a herd of nowte,) a gallant, manly action, and mair befitting of pretty men (as sic reivers will ca' themsells,) than to win a day's wage be ony honest thrift. And the lairds are as bad as the loons; for if they dinna bid them gae reive and harry, the deil a bit they forbid them; and they shelter them, or let them shelter themsells, in their woods, and mountains, and strong-holds, whenever the thing's dune. And every ane o' them will main-teen as mony o' his ain name, or his clan, as we say, as he can rap and rend means for; or, whilk's the same thing, as mony as can in ony fashion, fair or foul, main-teen themsells — and there they are wi' gun and pistol, dirk and dour-lach, ready to disturb the peace o' the country whenever the laird likes; and that's the grievance of the Hielands, whilk are, and hae been for this thousand years bye past, a bike o' the maist lawless unchristian limmers that ever disturbed a douce, quiet, Godfearing neighbourhood, like this o' ours in the west here."



„And this kinsman of your's, and friend of mine, is he one of those great proprietors who maintain the household troops you speak of?“ I enquired.

„Na, na,“ said Baillie Jarvie; „he's nane o' your great grandees o' chiefs, as they ca' them, neither. Though he is weel born, and lineally descended frae auld Glenstrae — I ken his lineage — indeed he is a near kinsman, and, as I said, gude gentle Hieland blude, though ye may think weel that I care little about that nonsense — it's a' moonshine in water — waste threads and thrums, as we say — but I could show ye letters frae his father, that was the third aff Glenstrae, to my father, Deacon Jarvie, (peace be wi' his memory,) beginning, Dear Deacon, and ending, your loving kinsman to command, — they are amaist a' about borrowed siller, sae the gude deacon that's dead and gane, keepit them as documents and evidents — He was a carefu' man.“

„But if ha is not,“ I resumed, „one of their chiefs or patriarchal leaders, whom I have heard my father talk of, this kinsman of your's has, at least, much to say in the Highlands, I presume?“

„Ye may say that — nae name better kenn'd between the Lennox and Breadalbane. Robin was anes a weel-doing, painstaking drover as ye wad see amang ten thousand — It was a pleasure to see him in his belted plaid and brogues, wi'



his target at his back, and claymore and dirk at his belt, following a hundred Highland stots, and a dozen o' the gillies, as rough and ragged as the beasts they drave. And he was baith civil and just in his dealings, and if he thought his chapman had made a hard bargain, he wad gie him a luck penny to the mends. I hae kenn'd him gie back five shillings out o' the pund sterling."

"Twenty-five per cent," said Owen — "a heavy discount."

"He wad gie it though, sir, as I tell ye; mair especially if he thought the buyer was a puir man, and couldna stand by a loss. But the times cam hard, and Rob was venturesome. It wasna my faut — it wasna my faut; he canna myte me. I aye tauld him o't — And the creditors, mair especially some grit neighbours o' his, grippit to his living and land; and they say his wife was turned out o' the house to the hill-side, and sair misguided to the boot. Shamefu'! shamefu'! — I am a peacefu' man and a magistrate, but if ony ane had guided sae muckle as my servant quean, Mattie, as it's like they guided Rob's wife, I think it suld hae set the shabble that my father the deacon had at Bothwel-brigg a-walking again. Weel, Rob cam hame, and fand' desolation, God pity us! where he left plenty; he looked east, west, south, and north, and saw



neither hauld nor hope — neither beild nor shelter — sae he e'en pu'd the bonnet ower his brow, belted the broadsword to his side, took to the brae-side, and became a broken man."

The voice of the good citizen was broken by his contending feelings. He obviously, while he professed to condemn the pedigree of his Highland kinsman, attached a secret feeling of consequence to the connection, and he spoke of his friend in his prosperity with an overflow of affection, which deepened his sympathy for his misfortunes, and his regret for their consequences.

„Thus tempted, and urged by despair," said I, seeing Mr Jarvie did not proceed in his narrative, „I suppose your kinsman became one of those depredators you have described to us?"

„No sae bad as that," said the Glaswegian, — „no a'thegither and outright sae bad as that; but he became a levyer of black-mail, wider and farther than ever it was raised in our day, a' through the Lennox and Menteith, and up to the gates o' Stirling castle."

„Black-mail? — I do not understand the phrase," I remarked.

„Ou, ye see, Rob soon gathered an unco band o' blue-bonnets at his back, for he comes o' a rough name when he's kent by his ain, and a name that's held its ain for mony a lang year,



baith again king and parliament, and kirk too, for aught I ken — an auld and honourable name, for as sair as it has been worried and hadden down and oppressed. My mother was a MacGregor — I carena wha kens it — and sae Rob had soon a gallant band; and as it grieved him (he said) to see sic *her ship*, and waste, and depredation to the south o' the Hieland line, why, if ony heritor or farmer wad pay him four pund Scots out of each hundred pund of valued rent, whilk was doubtless a moderate consideration, Rob engaged to keep them scaithless — let them send to him if they lost sae muckle as a single cloot by thieving, and Rob engaged to get them again, or pay the value — and he aye keepit his word — I canna deny but he keepit his word — a' men allow Rob keeps his word."

„This is a very singular contract of assurance," said Mr Owen.

„It's clean again our statute law, that must be owned," said Jarvie, „clean again law; the levying and the paying blackmail are baith punishable: but if the law canna protect my barn and byre, whatfor suld I no engage wi' a Hieland gentleman that can? — answer me that."

„But," said I, „Mr Jarvie, is this contract of black-mail, as you call it, completely voluntary on the part of the landlord or farmer who



pays the insurance? or what usually happens, in case any one refuses payment of this tribute?"

„Aha, lad!“ said the Baillie, laughing, and putting his finger to his nose, „ye think ye hae me there. Troth, I wad advise ony friends o' mine to gree wi' Rob; for watch as they like, and do what they like, they are sair apt to be harried when the lang nights come on. Some o' the Grahame and Cohoon gentry stood out; but what then? — they lost their hale stock the first winter; sae maist folks now think it best to come into Rob's terms. He's easy wi' a body that will be easy wi' him; but if ye thraw him, ye had better thraw the deevil.“

„And by his exploits in these vocations,“ I continued, „I suppose he has rendered himself amenable to the laws of the country?“

„Amenable? — ye may say that; his craig wad ken the weight o' his hurdies if they could get haud o' Rob. But he has gude friends amang the grit folks; and I could tell ye o' ae grit family that keeps him up as far as they decently can, to be a thorn in the side of anither. And then he's sic an auld-farran lang-headed chield as never took up the trade o' catteran in our time; mony a daft reik he has played — mair than wad fill a book, and a queer ane it wad be — as gude as Robin Hood, or William Wallace — a' fu' o' venturesome deeds and escapes, sic as



folk tell ower at a winter-ingle in the daft days. It's a queer thing o' me, gentlemen, that am a man o' peace mysel, and a peacefu' man's son, for the deacon my father quarrelled wi' nane out o' the town-council — it's a queer thing, I say, but I think the Hieland blude o' me warms at thae daft tales, and whiles I like better to hear them than a word o' profit, gude forgi'e me! — But they are vanities — sinfu' vanities — and, moreover, again the statute law — again the statute and gospel law."

„I now followed up my investigation, by enquiring what means of influence this Mr Robert Campbell could possibly possess over my affairs or those of my father."

„Why, ye are to understand," said Jarvie, in a very subdued tone — „I speak amang friends, and under the rose — Ye are to understand, that the Hielands hae been keepit quiet since the year aughtynine — that was Killiecrankie year. But how hae they been keepit quiet, think ye? By siller, Mr Owen — by siller, Mr Osbaldistone. King William caused Breadalbane distribute twenty thousand gude punds sterling amang them, and it's said the auld Highland Earl keepit a lang lug o't in his ain sporran — And then Queen Anne, that's dead, gae the chiefs bits o' pensions, sae they had wherewith to support their gillies and catterans that work nae wark, as I said



afore; and they lay bye quiet eneugh, saving some spreagherie on the Lowlands, whilk is their use and wont, and some cutting o' thrapples amang themsels, that nae civilized bódy kens or cares ony thing anent. — Weel, but there's a new world come up wi' this King George, (I say, God bless him for ane), — there's neither like to be siller nor pensions gaun amang them; they haena the means o' mainteening the clans that eat them up, as ye may guess frae what I said before; their credit's gane in the Lowlands; and a man that can whistle ye up a thousand or feifteen hundred linking lads to do his will, wad hardly get fifty punds on his band at the Cross o' Glasgow — This canna stand lang — there will be an outbreak for the Stuarts — there will be an outbreak — they will come down on the Low Country like a flood, as they did in the waefu' wars o' Montrose, and that will be seen and heard tell o' ere a twalmonth gangs round."

"Yet still," I said, "I do not see how this concerns Mr Campbell, much less my father's affairs."

"Rob can levy five hundred men, sir, and therefore war suld concern him as muckle as maist folk," replied the Baillie; "for it is a faculty that is far less profitable in time o' peace. Then, to tell ye the truth, I doubt he has been

XLII.

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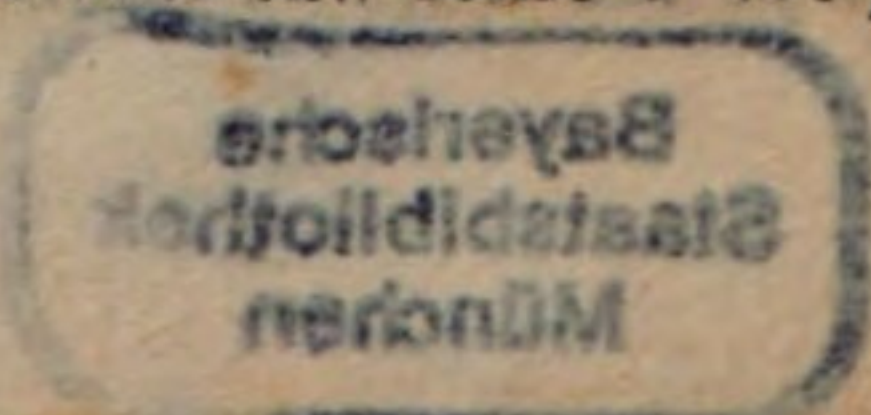
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the prime agent between some o' our Hieland chiefs and the gentlemen in the north o' England. We a' heard o' the public money that was ta'en frae the chield Morris somewhere about the fit o' Cheviot by Rob and ane o' the Osbaldistone lads; and, to tell ye the truth, word gaed that it was yoursel, Mr Francis, and sorry was I that your father's son suld hae ta'en to sic practices — Na, ye needna say a word about it — I see weel I was mista'en; but I wad believe ony thing o' a stage-player, whilk I concluded ye to be. But now, I doubtna, it has been Rashleigh himself or some other o' your cousins — they are a' tarr'd wi' the same stick — rank jacobites and papists, and wad think the government siller and government papers lawfu' prize. And the creature Morris is sic a cowardly caitiff, that to this hour he daurna say that it was Rob took the portmanteau aff him; and troth he's right, for your custom-house and excise cattle are ill liket on a' sides, and Rob might get a back-handed lick at him, before the Board, as they ca't, could help him."

"I have long suspected this, Mr Jarvie," said I, "and perfectly agree with you. But as to my father's affairs" —

"Suspected it? — it's certain — it's certain — I ken them that saw some o' the papers that





were ta'en aff Morris — it's needless to say where. But to your father's affairs — ye maun think that in thae twenty years by-gane some o' the Hieland lairds and chiefs hae come to some sma' sense o' their ain interest — Your father and others hae bought the woods of Glen-Disseries, Glen-Kissoch, Tober-na-Kippoch, and mony mair besides, and your father's house has granted large bills in payment, — and as the credit o' Osbaldistone and Tresham was gude — for I'll say before Mr Owen's face as I wad behind his back, that, bating misfortunes o' the Lord's sending, nae men could be mair honourable in business — the Hieland gentlemen, holders o' thae bills, hae found credit in Glasgow and Edinburgh (I might amaist say in Glasgow wholly, for it's little the pridefu' Edinburgh folk do in real business) for all, or the greater part of the contents o' thae bills. — So that — Aha! d'ye see me now?"

I confessed I could not quite follow his drift.

"Why," said he, "if the bills are not paid, the Glasgow merchant comes on the Hieland lairds, whae hae de'il a boddle o' siller, and will like ill to spew up what is item a' spent — They will turn desperate — five hundred will rise that might hae sitten at hame — the de'il will gae over Jock Wabster — and the stopping



of your father's house will hasten the outbreak that's been sae lang biding us."

"You think then," said I, surprised at this singular view of the case, "that Rashleigh Osbaldistone has done this injury to my father merely to accelerate a rising in the Hielands, by distressing the gentlemen to whom these bills were originally granted?"

"Doubtless — doubtless — it has been one main reason, Mr Osbaldistone. I doubtna but what the ready money he carried off wi' him might be another. But that makes comparatively but a sma' part o' your father's loss, though it might make the maist part o' Rashleigh's direct gain. The assetts he carried off are of nae mair use to him than if he were to light his pipe wi' them. He tried if MacVittie and Co. wad gi'e him siller on them — that I ken by Andro Wylie — but they were ower auld cats to draw that strae afore them — they keepit aff and gae fair words. Rashleigh Osbaldistone is better kenn'd than trusted in Glasgow, for he was here about some Jacobitical Papistical troking in seventeen hundred and seven, and left debt ahint him. Na, na, he canna pit aff the paper here; folk will misdoubt him how he came by it. Na, na, he'll hae the stuff safe at some o' their haulds in the Hielands,



and I daur say my cousin Rob could get at it gin he liked."

"But would he be disposed to serve us in this pinch, Mr Jarvie?" said I. "You have described him as an agent of the Jacobite party, and deeply connected in their intrigues; will he be disposed for my sake, or, if you please, for the sake of justice, to make an act of restitution, which, supposing it in his power, would, according to your view of the case, materially interfere with their plans?"

"I canna preceesely speak to that — the grantees amang them are doubtfu' o' Rob, and he's doubtfu' o' them — and he's been weel friended wi' the Argyle family — If he was freed o' his hornings and captions, he wad rather be on Argyle's side than he wad be on Breadalbane's, for there's auld illwill between the Breadalbane family and his kin and name. The truth is, that Rob is for his ain hand, as Henry Wynd feught — He'll take the side that suits him best; if the deil was laird, Rob wad be for being tenant, and ye canna blame him, puir fallow, considering his circumstances. But there's ae thing sair again ye — Rob has a grey mear in his stable at hame."

"A grey mare?" said I. "What is that to the purpose?"



«The wife, man — the wife, — an awfu' wife she is. She downa bide the sight o' a kindly Scot, if he come frae the Lowlands, far less of an Englisher, and she'll be keen for a' that can set up King James, and ding doun King George.»

«It is very singular,» I replied, «that the mercantile transactions of London citizens should become involved with revolutions and rebellions.»

«Not at a', man — not at a',» returned Mr Jarvie, «that's a' your silly prejudications. I read whiles in the lang dark nights, and I hae read in Baker's Chronicle that the merchants o' London could gar the Bank of Genoa break their promise to advance a mighty sum to the King of Spain, whereby the sailing of the Grand Spanish Armada was put aff for a hale year — What think you of that, sir?»

«That the merchants did their country golden service, which ought to be honourably remembered in our histories.»

«I think sae too; and they wad do weel, and deserve weel baith o' the state and o' humanity, that wad save three or four honest Hieland gentlemen frae loupin' heads ower heels into destruction, wi' a' their puir sackless followers, just because they canna pay back the siller they had reason to count upon as their ain — and save



your father's credit — and my ain gude siller that Osbaldistone and Tresham awes me into the bargain — I say if ane could manage a' this, I think it suld be done and said unto him, even if he were a puir ca-the-shuttle body, as unto one whom the king delighteth to honour."

"I cannot pretend to estimate the extent of public gratitude," I replied; "but our own thankfulness, Mr Jarvie, would be commensurate with the extent of the obligation."

"Which," added Mr Owen, "we would endeavour to balance with a *per contra* the instant our Mr Osbaldistone returns from Holland."

"I doubtna — I doubtna — he is a very worthy gentleman, and a sponsible, and wi' some o' my lights might do muckle business in Scotland — Weel, sir, if these assetts could be redeemed out o' the hands o' the Philistines, they are gude paper — they are the right stuff when they are in the right hands, and that's your's, Mr Owen. — And I'se find you three men in Glasgow, for as little as you may think o' us, Mr Owen, — that's Sandie Steenson in the Trade's-Land, and John Pirie in Candleriggs, and another, that sall be nameless at this present, sall advance what soums are sufficient to secure the credit of your house, and seek nae better security."

Owen's eyes sparkled at this prospect of extri-



cation; but his countenance instantly fell on recollecting how improbable it was that the recovery of the assetts, as he technically called them, should be successfully achieved."

"Dinna despair, sir — dinna despair," said Mr Jarvie; "I hae taen sae muckle concern wi' your affairs already, that it maun een be ower shoon ower boots wi' me now. I am just like my father the deacon, (praise be wi' him!) I canna meddle wi' a friend's business, but I aye end wi' making it my ain — Sae, I'll een pit on my boots the morn, and be jogging ower Drymen-Muir wi' Mr Frank here, and if I canna mak Rob hear reason, and his wife too, I dinna ken wha can — I hae been a kind freend to them afore now, to sae naething o' owerlooking him last night, when naming his name wad hae cost him his life — I'll be hearing o' this in the council maybe frae Baillie Grahame, and MacVittie, and some o' them. They hae coost up my kindred to Rob to me already — set up their nashgabs. I tauld them I wad vindicate nae man's faults; but set apart what he had dune again the law o' the country, and the hership o' the Lennox, and the misfortune o' some folk losing life by him, he was an honestest man than stood on ony o' their shanks — And whatfor suld I mind their clavers? — If Rob is an outlaw, to himsell be it said — there is nae laws now about reset of



intercommuned persons, as there was in the ill times o' the last Stuarts — I trow I hae a Scotch tongue in my head — if they speak, I'se answer."

It was with great pleasure that I saw the Bailie gradually surmount the barriers of caution, under the united influence of public spirit and good-natured interest in our own affairs, together with his natural wish to avoid loss and acquire gain, and not a little harmless vanity. Through the combined operation of these motives he at length arrived at the doughty resolution of taking the field in person, to aid in the recovery of my father's property. His whole information led me to believe, that, if the papers were in possession of this Highland adventurer, it might be possible to induce him to surrender what he could not keep with any prospect of personal advantage; and I was conscious that the presence of his kinsman was likely to have considerable weight with him. I therefore cheerfully acquiesced in Mr Jarvie's proposal, that we should set out early next morning.

That honest gentleman was indeed as vivacious and alert in preparing to carry his purpose into execution, as he had been slow and cautious in forming it. He roared to Mattie to air his trot-cosey, to have his jack-boots greased and set before the kitchen-fire all night, and to see that



his beast was corned, and a' his riding gear in order. Having agreed to meet him at five o'clock next morning, and having settled that Owen, whose presence could be of no use to us upon this expedition, should await our return at Glasgow, we took a kind farewell of this unexpectedly zealous friend. I installed Owen in an apartment in my lodgings, contiguous to my own, and, giving orders to Andrew Fairservice to attend me next morning at the hour appointed, I retired to rest with better hopes than it had lately been my fortune to entertain.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

*Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen,  
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green;  
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;  
No bee was heard to hum, no dove to coo;  
No streams, as amber smooth — as amber  
clear,  
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.*

*Prophecy of Famine.*

It was in the bracing atmosphere of a harvest morning that I met by appointment Fairservice, with the horses, at the door of Mr Jarvie's house, which was but little space distant from Mrs Flyter's hotel. The first matter which caught my attention was, that whatever were the defi-



ciencies of the poney which Mr Fairservice's legal adviser, Clerk Touthope, generously bestowed upon him in exchange for Thorncliff's mare, he had contrived to part with it, and procure in its stead an animal with so curious and complete a lameness, that it seemed only to make use of three legs for the purpose of progression, while the fourth was meant to be flourished in the air by way of accompaniment. "What do you mean by bringing such a creature as that here, sir? and where is the poney you rode to Glasgow upon?" were my very natural and impatient enquiries.

"I sell't it, sir. It was a slink beast, and wad hae eaten its head aff standing at Luckie Flyter's at livery. And I hae bought this on your honour's account. It's a grand bargain — cost but a pund sterling the foot — that's four a'thegither. The stringhalt will gae aff when it's gaen a mile; it's a weel-kenn'd ganger; they ca' it Souple Tam."

"On my soul, sir!" said I, "you will never rest till my supple-jack and your shoulders become acquainted. If you do not go instantly and procure the other brute, you shall pay the penalty of your ingenuity."

Andrew, notwithstanding my threats, continued to battle the point, as he said it would cost him a guinea of rue-bargain to the man who had



bought his poney, before he could get it back again. Like a true Englishman, though sensible I was duped by the rascal, I was about to pay his exaction rather than lose time, when forth sallied Mr Jarvie, cloaked, mantled, hooded, and booted, as if for a Siberian winter, while two apprentices, under the immediate direction of Mattie, led forth the decent ambling steed which had the honour on such occasions to support the person of the Glasgow magistrate. Ere he «clombe to the saddle,” an expression more descriptive of the Baillie’s mode of mounting than that of the knights-errant to whom Spenser applies it, he enquired the cause of the dispute betwixt my servant and me. Having learned the nature of honest Andrew’s manœuvre, he instantly cut short all debate, by pronouncing, that if Fairservice did not forthwith return the three-legged palfrey, and produce the more useful quadruped which he had discarded, he would send him to prison, and amerce him in half his wages. «Mr Osbaldistone,” said he, «contracted for the service of both your horse and you — twa brutes at ance — ye unconscionable rascal — but I’se look weel after you during this journey.”

«It will be nonsense fining me,” said Andrew, doughtily, «that hasna a grey groat to pay a fine wi’ — it’s ill taking the breeks aff a Hieland-man.”



“If ye hae nae purse to fine, ye hae flesh to pine,” replied the Baillie, “and I will look weel to ye getting your deserts the tae way or the tither.”

To the commands of Mr Jarvie, therefore, Andrew was compelled to submit, only muttering between his teeth, “Ower mony maisters — ower mony maisters, as the paddock said to the harrow, when every tooth gae her a tig.”

Apparently he found no difficulty of getting rid of Supple Tam, and recovering possession of his former Bucephalus, for he accomplished the exchange without being many minutes absent; nor did I hear further of his having paid any smart-money for breach of bargain.

We now set forwards, but had not reached the top of the street in which Mr Jarvie dwelt, when a loud hallooing, and a breathless call of “Stop, stop!” was heard behind us. We stopped accordingly, and were overtaken by Mr Jarvie’s two lads, who bore two parting tokens of Mattie’s care for her master. The first was conveyed in the form of a voluminous silk handkerchief, like the main-sail of one of his own West-Indiamen, which Mrs Mattie particularly desired he would put about his neck, and which, thus entreated, he added to his other integuments. The second youngster brought only a verbal charge (I thought I saw the rogue disposed to



laugh as he delivered it,) on the part of the house-keeper, that her maister would take care of the waters. «Pooh! pooh! silly hussy,” answered Mr Jarvie; but added, turning to me, «it shows a kind heart though — it shews a kind heart in sae young a quean — Mattie’s a carefu’ lass.” So speaking, he pricked the sides of his palfrey, and we left the town without farther interruption.

While we paced easily forward, by a road which conducted us north-eastward from the town, I had an opportunity to estimate and admire the good qualities of my new friend. Although, like my father, he considered commercial transactions to be the most important objects of human life, he was not wedded to them to such a degree as to undervalue more general knowledge. On the contrary, with much oddity and vulgarity of manner, — with a vanity which he made much more ridiculous by disguising it now and then under a thin veil of humility, and devoid as he was of all the advantages of a learned education, Mr Jarvie’s conversation shewed tokens of a shrewd, observing, liberal, and, to the extent of its opportunities, a well-improved mind. He was a good local antiquary, and entertained me, as we passed along, with an account of remarkable events which had formerly taken place in the scenes through which we



passed. And as he was well acquainted with the ancient history of his district, he saw with the prospective eye of an enlightened patriot, the buds of many of those future advantages, which have only blossomed and ripened within these few years. I remarked also, and with great pleasure, that although a keen Scottishman, and abundantly zealous for the honour of his country, he was disposed to think liberally of the sister kingdom. When Andrew Fairservice (whom, by the way, the Baillie could not abide,) chose to impute the accident of one of the horses casting his shoe to the deteriorating influence of the Union, he incurred a severe rebuke from Mr Jarvie.

«Whisht, sir! — whisht! — it's ill-scrapit tongues like your's, that make mischief atween neighbourhoods and nations. There's naething sae gude on this side o' time but it might hae been better, and that may be said o' the Union. Nane were keener against it than the Glasgow folk, wi' their rabblings and their risings, and their mobs as they ca' them now-a-days. But it's an ill wind blaws naebody gude — Let ilka ane roose the ford as they find it — I say, Let Glasgow Flourish, whilk is judiciously and elegantly putten around the town's arms, by way of bye-word. — Now, since St Mungo caught herrings in the Clyde, what was ever like to gar us flourish like the



sugar and tobacco-trade, will ony body tell me that, and grumble at the treaty that opened us a road west-awa' yonder?"

Andrew Fairservice was far from acquiescing in these arguments of expedience, and even ventured to enter a grumbling protest, "That it was an unco change to hae Scotland's laws made in England; and that, for his share, he wadna for a' the herring barrels in Glasgow, and a' the tobaccocasks to boot, hae gien up the riding o' the Scots parliament, or sent awa' our crown, and our sword, and our sceptre, and Monsmeg, to be keepit by thae English pock-puddings in the Tower o' Lunnon. What wad Sir William Wallace or auld Davie Lindsay hae said to the Union, or them that made it?"

The road which we travelled, while diverting the way with these discussions, had become wild and open, so soon as we had left Glasgow a mile or two behind us, and was growing more dreary as we advanced. Huge continuous heaths spread before, behind, and around us, in hopeless barrenness, now level and interspersed with swamps, green with treacherous verdure, or sable with turf, or, as they call them in Scotland, peat-bogs, and now swelling into huge heavy ascents, which wanted the dignity and form of hills, while they were still more toilsome to the passenger. There were neither trees nor



bushes to relieve the eye from the russet livery of absolute sterility. The very heath was of that stunted imperfect kind which has little or no flower, and affords the coarsest and meanest covering, which, as far as my experience enables me to judge mother Earth is ever arrayed in. Living thing we saw none, except occasionally a few straggling sheep of a strange diversity of colours, as black, bluish, and orange. The sable hue predominated, however, in their faces and legs. The very birds seemed to shun these wastes, and no wonder, since they had an easy method of escaping from them; at least I only heard the monotonous and plaintive cries of the lapwing and curlew, which my companions denominated the peasweep and whaup.

At dinner, however, which we took about noon at a most miserable ale-house, we had the good fortune to find that these tiresome screamers of the morass were not the only inhabitants of the moors. The goodwife told us, that "the gudeman had been at the hill;" and well for us that he had so, for we enjoyed the produce of his *chasse* in the shape of some broiled moor-game, a dish which gallantly eked out the ewe-milk cheese, dried salmon, and oaten bread, being all beside that the house afforded. Some very indifferent two-penny ale, and a glass of excellent brandy, crowned our



repast; and as our horses had, in the mean time, discussed their corn, we resumed our journey with renovated vigour.

I had need of all the spirits a good dinner could give, to resist the dejection which crept insensibly on my spirits, when I combined the strange uncertainty of my errand, with the disconsolate aspect of the country through which it was leading me. Our road continued to be, if possible, more waste and wild than that we had travelled in the forenoon. The few miserable hovels that shewed some marks of human habitation, were now of still rarer occurrence; and, at length, as we began to ascend a huge and uninterrupted swell of moorland, they totally disappeared. The only exercise which my imagination received was, when some particular turns of the road gave us a partial view to the left of a large assemblage of dark-blue mountains stretching to the north and north-west, which promised to include within their recesses, a country as wild perhaps, but certainly differing greatly in point of interest, from that which we now travelled. The peaks of this screen of mountains were as wildly varied and distinguished as the hills which we had seen on the right were tame and lumpish; and while I gazed on this Alpine region, I felt a longing to explore its recesses, though with toil and danger, similar to that



which a sailor feels when he wishes for the risks and animation of a battle or a gale, in exchange for the insupportable monotony of a protracted calm. I made various enquiries of my friend Mr Jarvie, respecting the names and positions of these remarkable mountains; but it was a subject on which he had no information, or did not chuse to be communicative. "They're the Hieland hills — the Hieland hills — Ye'll see and hear eneugh about them before ye see Glasgow Cross again — I downa look at them — I never see them but they gar me grew. — It's no for fear — no for fear, but just for grief, for the puir blinded half-starved creatures that inhabit them — But say nae mair about it — it's ill speaking o' Hielandmen sae near the line. I hae kenn'd mony an honest man wadna hae ventured this length without he had made his last will and testament — Mattie had ill will to see me set awa' on this ride, and grat awee the silly tawpie; but it's nae mair ferlie to see a woman greet than to see a goose gang barefit."

I next attempted to lead the discourse upon the character and history of the person whom we were going to visit; but upon this topic Mr Jarvie was totally inaccessible, owing perhaps in part to the attendance of Mr Andrew Fairservice, who chose to keep so close in our rear that his ears could not fail to catch every word which



was spoken, while his tongue assumed the freedom of mingling in our conversation as often as he saw an opportunity. For this he occasionally incurred Mr Jarrie's reproof.

"Keep back, sir, as best sets ye," said the Baillie, as Andrew pressed forward to catch the answer to some question I had asked about Campbell. — "Ye wad fain ride the fore horse, an' ye wist how — That chield's aye for being out o' the cheese-fat he was moulded in. — Now as for your questions, Mr Osbaldistone, now that chield's out of ear-shot, I'll just tell ye its free to you to speer, and its free to me to answer or no — Gude I canna say muckle o' Rob, puir chield, ill I winna say o' him, for, forbye that he's my cousin, we're coming near his ain country, and there may be ane o' his gillies ahint every whin-bush for what I ken — And if ye'll be guided by my advice, the less ye speak about him, or where we are gaun, or what we are gaun to do, we'll be the mair likely to speed us in our errand. For it's like we may fa' in wi' some o' his unfreends — they are e'en ower mony o' them about — and his bonnet sits even on his brow yet for a' that; but I doubt they'll be upsides wi' Rob at the last — air day or late day the fox's hide finds the flaying knife."



“I will certainly,” I replied, “be entirely guided by your experience.”

“Right, Mr Osbaldistone — right, — but I maun speak to this gabbling skyte too, for bairns and fules speak at the Cross what they hear at the ingle-side. — D’ye hear, you, Andrew — What’s your name — Fairservice.”

Andrew, who at the last rebuff had fallen a good way behind, did not chuse to acknowledge the summons.

“Andrew, ye scoundrel,” repeated Mr Jarvie, “here, sir! here!”

“Here is for the dog,” said Andrew, coming up sulkily.

“I’ll gie you dog’s wages, ye rascal, if ye dinna attend to what I say t’ye — We are gaun into the Hielands abit” —

“I judged as muckle,” said Andrew.

“Haud your peace, ye knave, and hear what I have to say till ye — We are gaun abit into the Hielands” —

“Ye tauld me sae already,” replied the incorrigible Andrew.

“I’ll break your head,” said the Baillie, rising in wrath, “if ye dinna haud your tongue.”

“A hadden tongue,” replied Andrew, makes a slabbered mouth.”



It was now necessary I should interfere, which I did by commanding Andrew, with an authoritative tone, to be silent at his peril.

“I am silent,” said Andrew. “I’ll do a’ your lawfu’ bidding without a nay say. — My puir mither used aye to tell me,

‘Be it better, be it worse,  
Be ruled by him that has the purse.’

Sae ye may e’en speak’ as lang as ye like, baith the tane and the tither o’ you, for Andrew.”

Mr Jarvie took the advantage of his stopping after quoting the above proverb, to give him the requisite instructions.

“Now, sir, it’s as muckle as your life’s worth — that wad be dear o’ little siller to be sure — but it’s as muckle as a’ our lives are worth, if ye dinna mind what I say to ye. In this public whar we are gaun to, and whar it’s like we may hae to stay a’ night, men o’ a’ clans and kindred — Hieland and Lawland — tak up their quarters, and whiles there are mair drawn dirks than open Bibles amang them, when the usquebaugh gets uppermost. See ye neither meddle nor mak, nor gie nae offence wi’ that claverin tongue o’ yours, but keep a calm sough, and let ilka cock fight his ain battle.”



“Muckle needs to tell me that,” said Andrew contemptuously, “as if I had never seen a Highlandman before, and kenn’d nae how to manage them. Nae man alive can cuittle up Donald better than mysell — I hae bought wi’ them, sauld wi’ them, eaten wi’ them, drucken wi’ them” —

“Did ye ever fight wi’ them?” said Mr Jarvie.

“Na, na,” answered Andrew, “I took care o’ that; it wad ill hae set me, that am an artist and half a scholar to my trade, to be fighting amang a wheen kilted loons that dinna ken the name o’ a single herb or flower in braid Scots, let abe in the Latin tongue.”

“Then,” said Mr Jarvie, “as ye wad keep either your tongue in your mouth, or your lugs in your head, (and ye might miss them, for as saucy members as they are,) I charge ye to say nae word, gude or bad, that ye can weel get bye, to ony body that may be in the Clachan. And ye’ll specially understand that ye’re no to be bleezing and blasting about your master’s name and mine, or saying that this is Mr Baillie Nicol Jarvie o’ the Saut-Market, son o’ the worthy Deacon Nicol Jarvie, that a’ body has heard about; and this is Mr Francis Osbaldistone, son of the managing partner of the great house of Osbaldistone and Tresham, in the city.”

“Aneugh said,” answered Andrew — “aneugh said! What need ye think I wad be speaking



about your names for? — I hae mony things o' mair importance to speak about, I trow."

"It's thae very things of importance that I am feared for, ye blethering goose; ye manna speak ony thing, gude or bad, that ye can by ony possibility help."

"If ye dinna think me fit," replied Andrew in a huff, "to speak like ither folk, gie me my wages and my board-wages, and I'se gae back to Glasgow. — There's sma' sorrow at our parting, as the auld mare said to the broken cart."

Finding Andrew's perverseness again rising to a point, which threatened to occasion me inconvenience, I was under the necessity of explaining to him, that he might return if he thought proper, but that in that case I would not pay him a single farthing for his past services. The argument *ad crumenam*, as it has been called by jocular logicians, has weight with the greater part of mankind, and Andrew was in that particular far from affecting any trick of singularity. He "drew in his horns," to use the Baillie's phrase, upon the instant, professed no intention whatever to disoblige, and a resolution to be guided by my commands, whatever they might be.

Concord being thus happily restored to our small party, we continued to pursue our journey. The road, which had ascended for six or seven English miles, began now to descend for about



the same space, through a country which, neither in fertility or interest, could boast any advantage over that which we had passed already, and which afforded no variety, unless when some tremendous peak of a Highland mountain appeared at a distance. We continued, however, to ride on without pause; and even when night fell and overshadowed the desolate wilds which we traversed, we were, as I understood from Mr Jarvie, still three miles and a bittock distant from the place where we were to spend the night.



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CHAPTER XXVIII.

*Baron of Bucklivie,
May the foul fiend drive ye,
And a' to pieces rive ye,
For building sic a town,
Where there's neither horse meat, nor man's meat,
nor a chair to sit down.*

Scottish Popular Rhymes on a bad Inn.

THE night was pleasant, and the moon afforded us good light for our journey. Under her rays, the ground over which we passed assumed a more interesting appearance than during the broad day-light, which discovered the extent of its wasteness. The mingled light and shadows gave it an interest which naturally did not belong to it; and, like the effect of a veil flung over a plain woman, irritated our curiosity on a subject which had in itself nothing gratifying.

The descent, however, still continued, turned, winded, left the more open heaths, and got into steeper ravines, which promised soon to lead us to the banks of some brook or river, and ultimately made good their paesage. We found ourselves at length on the bank of a stream, which rather resembled one of my native English rivers than those I had hitherto seen in Scotland. It was narrow, deep, still, and silent; although the imperfect light, as it gleamed on its placid waters, shewed also that we were now among the lofty mountains which formed it's cradle. "That's the Forth," said the Baillie, with an air of reverence which I have observed the Scotch usually pay to their distinguished rivers. The Clyde, the Tweed, the Forth, the Spey, are usually named by those who dwell on their banks with a sort of respect and pride, and I have known duels occasioned by any word of disparagement. I cannot say I have the least quarrel with this sort of harmless enthusiasm. I received my friend's communication with the importance which he seemed to think appertained to it. In fact, I was not a little pleased, after so long and dull a journey, to approach a region which promised to engage the imagination. My faithful squire, Andrew, did not seem to be quite of the same opinion, for he received the solemn informa-

tion, "That is the Forth," with a "Umph! — an' he had said that's the public-house, it wad hae been mair to the purpose."

The Forth, however, as far as the imperfect light permitted me to judge, seemed to merit the admiration of those who claimed an interest in its stream. A beautiful eminence of the most regular round shape, and clothed with copsewood of hazels, mountain-ash, and dwarf-oak, intermixed with a few magnificent old trees, which, rising above the underwood, exposed their forked and bared branches to the silver moonshine, seemed to protect the sources from which the river sprung. If I could trust the tale of my companion, which, while professing to disbelieve every word of it, he told under his breath, and with an air of something like intimidation, this hill, so regularly formed, so beautiful, and garlanded with such a beautiful variety of ancient trees and thriving copsewood, was held by the neighbourhood to contain, within its unseen caverns, the palaces of the fairies, a race of airy beings, who formed an intermediate class between men and dæmons, and who, if not positively malignant to humanity, were yet to be avoided and feared, on account of their capricious, vindictive, and irritable disposition.

"They ca' them," said Mr Jarvie, in a whisper,

“*Daoine Schie*, whilk signifies, as I understand, men of peace; meaning thereby to make their gude will. And we may e’en as weel ca’ them that too, Mr Osbaldistone, for there’s nae gude in speaking ill o’ the laird within his ain bounds.” But he added presently after, on seeing one or two lights which twinkled before us, “It’s de-ceits o’ Satan, after a’, and I fearna to say it — for we are near the manse now, and yonder are the lights in the Clachan of Aberfoil.”

I own I was well pleased at the circumstance to which Mr Jarvie alluded, not so much that it set his tongue at liberty, in his opinion, with all safety to declare his real sentiments with respect to the *Daoine Schie*, or fairies, as that it promised some hours repose to ourselves and our horses, of which, after a ride of fifty miles and upwards, both stood in some need.

We crossed the infant Forth by an old-fashioned stone bridge, very high and very narrow. My conductor, however, informed me, that to get through this deep and important stream, and to clear all its tributary dependencies, the general pass from the Highlands to the southward lay by what was called the Fords of Frew, at all times deep and difficult of passage, and often altogether unfordable. Beneath these fords there was no pass of general resort until so far east as the bridge of Stirling; so

that the river of Forth forms a defensible line betwixt the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, from its source nearly to the Frith, or inlet of the ocean, in which it terminates. The subsequent events which we have witnessed led me to recal with attention what the shrewdness of Baillie Jarvie suggested, in his proverbial expression, that "Forth bridles the wild Highlandman."

About half a mile's riding, after we crossed the bridge, placed us at the door of the public-house where we were to pass the evening. It was a hovel rather worse as better than that in which we had dined; but its little windows were lighted up, voices were heard from within, and all intimated a prospect of food and shelter, to which we were by no means indifferent. Andrew was the first to observe that there was a peeled willow-wand placed across the half-open door of the little inn. He hung back, and advised us not to enter. "For," said Andrew, "some of their chiefs and grit men are birling at the usquebaugh in bye there, and dinna want to be disturbed; and the least we'll get, if we gang ram-stam in on them, will be a broken head, to learn us better havings, if we dinna come by the length of a cauld dirk in our wame, whilk is just as likely."

I looked at the Baillie, who acknowledged, in a whisper, "that the gowk had some reason for singing ance in the year."

Meantime a staring half-clad wench or two came out of the inn and the neighbouring cottages, on hearing the sound of our horses' feet. No one bade us welcome, nor did any one offer to take our horses, from which he had alighted; and to our various enquiries, the hopeless response of "Ha niel Sassenach," was the only answer we could extract. The Baillie, however, found (in his experience) a way to make them speak English. "If I gie ye a bawbee," said he to an urchin of about ten years old, with a fragment of a tattered plaid about him, "will you understand Sassenach?"

"Ay, ay, that will I," replied the brat, in very decent English.

"Then gang and tell your mammy, my man, there's twa Sassenach gentlemen come to speak wi' her."

The landlady presently appeared, with a lighted piece of split fir blazing in her hand. The turpentine in this species of torch (which is generally dug from out the turfbogs) makes it blaze and sparkle readily, so that it is often used in the Highlands in lieu of candles. On this occasion such a torch illuminated the wild and anxious features of a female, pale, thin, and rather above the usual size, whose soiled and ragged dress, though aided by a plaid or tartan screen, barely served the purposes of decency,

and certainly not those of comfort. Her black hair, which escaped in uncombed elf-locks from under her coif, as well as the strange and embarrassed look with which she regarded us, gave me the idea of a witch disturbed in the midst of her unlawful rites. She plainly refused to admit us into the house. We remonstrated anxiously, and pleaded the length of our journey, the state of our horses, and the certainty that there was not another place where we could be received nearer than Callander, which the Baillie stated to be seven Scots miles distant. How many these may exactly amount to in English measurement, I have never been able to ascertain, but I think the double *ratio* may be pretty safely taken as a medium computation. The obdurate hostess treated our expostulation with contempt. — “Better gang farther than fare waur,” she said, speaking the Scottish Lowland dialect, and being indeed a native of the Lennox district, — “Her house was taen up wi’ them wadna like to be intruded on wi’ strangers, — She didna ken wha mair might be there — red-coats it might be frae the garrison.” (These last words she spoke under her breath, and with very strong emphasis). “The night,” she said, “was fair abune head — a night amang the heather wad caller our bloods — we might sleep in our claes as mony a gude blade does in the scabbard — there

wasna muckle flow-moss in the shaw, if we took up our quarters right, and we might pit up our horses to the hill, naebody wad say naething against it."

"But my good woman," said I, while the Baillie groaned and remained undecided, „it is six hours since we dined, and we have not taken a morsel since. I am positively dying with hunger, and I have no taste for taking up my abode supperless among these mountains of yours. I positively must enter; and make the best apology you can to your guests for adding a stranger or two to their number. — Andrew, you will see the horses put up."

The Hecate looked at me with surprise, and then ejaculated, „A wilfu' man will hae his way — them that will to Cupar maun to Cupar! — To see thae English belly-gods — he has had ae fu' meal the day already, and he'll venture life and liberty rather than he'll want a het supper. Set roastbeef and pudding on the opposite side o' the pit o' Tophet, and an Englishman will mak a spang at it — But I wash my hands o't. — Follow me, sir," (to Andrew,) „and I'se shew ye where to pit the beasts."

I own I was somewhat dismayed at my landlady's expressions, which seemed to be ominous of some approaching danger. I did not, however, chuse to shrink back after having declared

my resolution, and accordingly I boldly entered the house; and after narrowly escaping breaking my shins over a turf back and a salting tub, which stood on either side of the narrow exterior passage, I opened a crazy half-decayed door, constructed, not of plank, but of wicker, and, followed by the Baillie, entered into the principal apartment of this Scottish caravansera.

The interior presented a view which seemed singular enough to southern eyes. The fire, fed with blazing turf and branches of dried wood, blazed merrily in the centre; but the smoke, having no means to escape but through a hole in the roof, eddied round the rafters of the cottage, and hung in sable folds at the height of about five feet from the floor. The space beneath was kept pretty clear, by innumerable currents of air which rushed towards the fire from the broken pannel of basket-work which served as a door; from two square holes, designed as ostensible windows, through one of which was thrust a plaid, and through the other a tattered great-coat; and moreover, through various less distinguishable apertures in the walls of the tenement, which, being built of round stones and turf, cemented by mud, let in the atmosphere at innumerable crevices.

At an old oaken table, adjoining to the fire, sat three men, guests apparently, whom it was

impossible to regard with indifference. Two were in the Highland dress; the one, a little dark-complexioned man, with a lively, quick, and irritable expression of features, wore the trews, or close pantaloons, wove out of a sort of chequered stocking stuff. The Baillie whispered me, that „he behoved to be a man of some consequence, for that naebody but their Duinhéwassels wore the trews; they were very ill to weave exactly to their Highland pleasure.”

The other mountaineer was a very tall, strong man, with a quantity of reddish hair, freckled face, high cheek-bones, and long chin — a sort of caricature of the national features of Scotland. The tartan which he wore differed from that of his companion, as it had much more scarlet in it, whereas the shades of black and darkgreen predominated in the chequers of the other. The third, who sate at the same table, was in the Lowland dress, — a bold, stout-looking man, with a cast of military daring in his eye and manner, his ridingdress showily and profusely laced, and his cocked hat of formidable dimensions. His hanger and a pair of pistols lay on the table before him. Each of the Highlanders had their naked dirks stuck upright in the board beside him, — an emblem, I was afterwards informed, but surely a strange one, that their computation was not to be interrupted by any brawl. A

mighty pewter measure, containing about an English quart of usquebaugh, a liquor nearly as strong as brandy, which the Highlanders distil from malt, and drink undiluted in excessive quantities, was placed before these worthies. A broken glass, with a wooden foot, served as a drinking cup to the whole party, and circulated with a rapidity, which, considering the potency of the liquor, seemed absolutely marvellous. These men spoke loud and eagerly together, sometimes in Gaelic, at other times in English. Another Highlander, wrapt in his plaid, reclined on the floor, his head resting on a stone, from which it was only separated by a whisp of straw, and slept, or seemed to sleep, without attending to what was going on around him. He also was probably a stranger, for he lay in full dress, and accoutred with the sword and target, the usual arms of his countrymen when on a journey. Cribs there were of different dimensions beside the walls, formed, some of fractured boards, some of shattered wickerwork or plaited boughs, in which slumbered the family of the house, men, women, and children, their places of repose only concealed by the dusky wreaths of vapour which arose above, below, and around them.

Our entrance was made so quietly, and the carousers I have described were so eagerly en-

gaged in their discussions, that we escaped their notice for a minute or two. But I observed the Highlander who lay beside the fire raise himself on his elbow as we entered, and, drawing his plaid over the lower part of his face, fix his look on us for a few seconds, after which he resumed his recumbent posture, and seemed again to betake himself to the repose which our entrance had interrupted.

We advanced to the fire, which was an agreeable spectacle after our late ride, during the chillness of an Autumn evening among the mountains, and first attracted the attention of the guests who had preceded us, by calling for the landlady. She approached, looking doubtfully and timidly, now at us, now at the other party, and returned a hesitating and doubtful answer to our request to have something to eat.

„She didna ken,” she said, „she wasna sure there was ony in the house,” and then modified her qualification, — „that is, ony thing fit for the like of us.”

I assured her we were indifferent to the quality of our supper; and looking round for means of accommodation, which were not easily to be found, I arranged an old hen-coop as a seat for Mr Jarvie, and turned down a broken tub to serve for my own. Andrew Fairservice entered presently afterwards, and took a place

in silence behind our backs. The natives, as I may call them, continued staring at us with an air as if confounded by our assurance, and we, at least I myself, disguised as well as we could, under an appearance of indifference, any secret anxiety we might feel concerning the mode in which we were to be received by our predecessors.

At length, the lesser Highlander, addressing himself to me, said, in very good English, and in a tone of great haughtiness, «Ye make yourself at home, sir, I see.”

«I usually do so,” I replied, «when I come into a house of public entertainment.”

«And did she na see,” said the taller man, «by the white wand at the door, that gentlemens had taken up the public-house on their ain business?”

«I do not pretend to understand the customs of his country; but I am yet to learn,” I replied, «how three persons should be entitled to exclude all other travellers from the only place of shelter and refreshment for miles round.”

«There’s nae reason for’t, gentlemen,” said the Baillie; «we mean nae offence — but there’s neither law nor reason for’t — but as far as a stoup o’ gude brandy wad make up the quarrel, we, being peaceable folk, wad be willing” — —

«Damn your brandy, sir!” said the Lowlander,

adjusting his cocked-hat fiercely upon his head; "we desire neither your brandy nor your company," and up he rose from his seat. His companions also rose, muttering to each other, drawing up their plaids, and snorting and snuffing the air after the manner of their countrymen when working themselves into a passion.

"I tauld ye what wad come, gentlemen," said the landlady, "an' ye wad hae been tauld — get awa wi' ye out o' my house, and make nae disturbance here — there's nae gentleman be disturbed at Jeanie MacAlpine's an' she can hinder. A wheen idle English loons, gaun about the country under cloud o' night, and disturbing honest peaceable gentlemen that are drinking their drap drink at the fire-side!"

At another time I should have thought of the old Latin adage,

"Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbis" — —

But I had not any time for classical quotation, for there was obviously a fray about to ensue, at which, feeling myself indignant at the inhospitable insolence with which I was treated, I was totally indifferent, unless on the Baillie's account, whose person and qualities were ill qualified for such an adventure. I started up, however, on seeing the others rise, and dropped my cloak

from my shoulders, that I might be ready to stand on the defensive.

“We are three to three,” said the lesser Highlander, glancing his eyes at our party; “if ye be pretty men, draw;” and, unsheathing his broadsword, he advanced on me. I put myself in a posture of defence, and, aware of the superiority of my weapon, a rapier or small-sword, was little afraid of the issue of the contest. The Baillie behaved with unexpected mettle. As he saw the gigantic Highlander confront him with his weapon drawn, he tugged for a second or two at the hilt of his *shabble*, as he called it; but finding it loth to quit the sheath, to which it had long been secured by rust and disuse, he seized, as a substitute, on the red-hot coulter of a plough which had been employed in arranging the fire by way of a poker, and brandished it with such effect, that at the first pass he set the Highlander’s plaid on fire, and compelled him to keep a respectful distance till he could get it extinguished. Andrew, on the contrary, who ought to have faced the Lowland champion, had, I grieve to say it, vanished at the very commencement of the fray. But his antagonist, crying, “Fair play! fair play!” seemed courteously disposed to take no share in the scuffle. Thus we commenced our rencounter on fair terms as to numbers. My own aim was, to

possess myself, if possible, of my antagonist's weapon; but I was deterred from closing for fear of the dirk which he held in his left hand, and used in parrying the thrusts of my rapier. Meantime the Baillie, notwithstanding the success of his first onset, was sorely bested. The weight of his weapon, the corpulence of his person, the very effervescence of his own passions, were rapidly exhausting both his strength and his breath, and he was almost at the mercy of his antagonist, when up started the sleeper from the floor on which he reclined, with his naked sword and target in his hand, and threw himself between the discomfited magistrate and his assailant, exclaiming, «Her nainsell has eaten the town pread at the Cross o' Glasgow, and py her troth she'll fight for Baillie Sharvie at the Clachan of Aberfoil — tat will she e'en." And, seconding his words with deeds, this unexpected auxiliary made his sword whistle about the ears of his tall countryman, who, nothing abashed, returned his blows with interest. But being both accoutred with round targets made of wood, studded with brass, and covered with leather, with which they readily parried each other's strokes, their combat was attended with much more noise and clatter than serious risk of damage. It appeared, that there was more of bravado than of serious attempt to do us any

injury; for the Lowland gentleman, who, as I mentioned, had stood aside for want of an antagonist when the brawl commenced, was now pleased to act the part of moderator and peace-maker.

«Hand your hands — haud your hands — aneugh done — aneugh done! — the quarrel's no mortal. The strange gentlemen have shewn themselves men of honour, and gi'en reasonable satisfaction. I'll stand on mine honour as kittle as ony man, but I hate unnecessary bloodshed.»

It was not, of course, my wish to protract the fray — my adversary seemed equally disposed to sheath his sword — the Baillie, gasping for breath, might be considered as *hors de combat*, and our two sword-and-buckler men gave up their contest with as much indifference as they had entered into it.

«And now,» said the worthy gentleman who acted as umpire, «let us drink and gree like honest fellows — The house will haud us a'. I propose that this good little gentleman that seems sair fourfoughen, as I may say, in this tuilzie, shall send for a tass o' brandy, and I'll pay for another, by way of Archilowe, and then we'll birl our bawbees a' round about, like brethren.»

«And fa's to pay my new ponny plaid,» said the larger Highlander, «wi' a hole burnt in't ane might put a kail-pat through? Saw ever

ony body a decent gentleman fight wi' a fire-brand before?"

"Let that be nae hinderance," said the Baillie, who had now recovered his breath, and was at once disposed to enjoy the triumph of having behaved with spirit, and avoid the necessity of again resorting to such hard and doubtful arbitrement; — "Gin I hae broken the head," he said, "I sall find the plaister. A new plaid sall ye hae, and o' the best — your ain clan-colours, man; and ye will tell me where it can be sent t'ye frae Glasco."

"I needna name my clan — I am of a king's clan, as is weel kenn'd," said the Highlander, "but ye may tak a bit o' the plaid — figh, she smells like a singit sheep's head! — and that'll learn ye the sett — and a gentleman, that's a cousin o' my ain, that carries eggs doun frae Glencroe, will ca' for't about Martimoes, an' ye will tell her where ye bide. But, honest gentleman, neist time ye fight, an' ye hae ony respect for your athversary, let it be wi' your sword, man, since ye wear ane, and no wi' thae het culters and fireprands, like a wild Indian."

"Conscience!" replied the Baillie, "every man maun do as he dow — My sword hasna seen the light since Bothwell Brigg, when my father, that's dead and gane, ware it; and I kenna weel

if it was forthcoming than either, for the battle was o' the briefest — At ony rate, it's glewed to the scabbard now beyond my power to part them; and, finding that, I e'en grippit at the first thing I could mak a fend wi'. I trow my fighting days is done, though I like ill to take the scorn for a' that. — But where's the honest lad that tuik my quarrel on himsell sae frankly? — I'se bestow a gill o' aquavitæ on him, an' I suld never ca' for another."

The champion, for whom he looked around, was, however, no longer to be seen. He had escaped, unobserved by the Baillie, immediately when the brawl was ended, yet not before I had recognized, in his wild features and shaggy red-hair, our acquaintance Dougal, the fugitive turn-key of the Glasgow jail. I communicated this observation in a whisper to the Baillie, who answered, in the same tone, "Weel, weel, I see that him that ye ken o' said very right. There is some glimmering o' common sense about that creature Dougal; I maun see and think o' something will do him some good."

Thus saying, he sate down, and fetching one or two deep aspirations, by way of recovering his breath, called to the landlady; "I think, Luckie, now that I find that there's nae hole in my wame, whilk I had muckle reason to dout

frae the doings o' your house, I wad be the better o' something to pit intill't."

The dame, who was all officiousness so soon as the storm had blown over, immediately undertook to broil something comfortable for our supper. Indeed, nothing surprised me more, in the course of the whole matter, than the extreme calmness with which she and her whole household seemed to regard the martial tumult that had taken place. The good woman was only heard to call to some of her assistants, "Steek the door — steek the door! — Kill or be killed, let naebody pass out till they hae paid the lawin." And as for the slumberers in those lairs by the wall, which served the family for beds, they only raised their shirtless bodies to look at the fray, ejaculated, "Oigh! oigh!" in the tone suitable to their respective sex and ages, and were, I believe, fast asleep again ere our swords were well returned to their scabbards.

Our landlady, however, now made a great bustle to get some victuals ready, and, to my surprise, very soon began to prepare for us, in the frying-pan, a savoury mess of venison collops, which she dressed in a manner that might well satisfy hungry men, if not epicures. In the mean time the brandy was placed on the table, to which the Highlanders, however partial to their native strong waters, showed no objec-

tion, but much the contrary; and the Lowland gentleman, after the first cup had passed round, became desirous to know our profession, and the object of our journey.

“We are bits o’ Glasgow bodies, if it please your honour,” said the Baillie, with an affectation of great humility, “travelling to Stirling to get in some siller that is awing us.”

I was so silly as to feel a little disconcerted at the unassuming account which he chose to give of us, but I recollected my promise to be silent, and allow the Baillie to manage the matter his own way. And really, when I recollected, Will, that I had not only brought the honest man a long journey from home, which even in itself had been some inconvenience, (if I were to judge from the obvious pain and reluctance with which he took his seat or arose from it,) but had also put him within a hair’sbreadth of the loss of his life, I could hardly refuse him such a compliment. The spokesman of the other party, snuffing up his breath through his nose, repeated the words with a sort of sneer, “Ye Glasgow tradesfolks has naething to do but to gang frae the tae end o’ the west o’ Scotland to the ither, to plague honest folks that may chance to be awee ahint the hand, like me.”

“If our debtors were a’ sic honest gentlemen as I believe you to be, Garschattachin,” replied

the Baillie, «conscience! we might save ourselves a labour, for they wad come to seek us.”

«Eh! what! how!” exclaimed the person whom we had addressed, «as I shall live by bread, (not forgetting beef and brandy,) it’s my auld friend Nicol Jarvie, the best man that ever counted doun merks on a band till a distressed gentleman. Were ye na coming up my way? — were ye na coming up the Endrick to Garschat-tachin?”

«Troth no, Maister Galbraith,” replied the Baillie, «I had other eggs on the spit — and I thought ye wad be saying I cam to look about the annual rent that’s due on the bit heritable band that’s between us.”

«Damn the annual rent!” said the laird, with an appearance of great heartiness, — «De’il a word o’ business will you or I speak, now that ye’re sae near my country — To see how a trot-cosey and a joseph can disguise a man — that I suldna ken my auld feal friend the deacon!”

«The Baillie, if ye please,” resumed my companion; «but I ken what gars ye mistak — the band was granted to my father that’s happy, and he was deacon; but his name was Nicol as weel as mine. I dinna mind that there’s been a payment of principal sum or annual rent on it in my day, and doubtless that has made the mistake.”

“Well, the devil take the mistake and all that occasioned it!” replied Mr Gailbraith. “But I am glad ye are a baillie. Gentlemen, fill a brimmer — this is my excellent friend, Baillie Nicol Jarvie’s health — I kend him and his father this twenty years. Are ye a’ cleared kelty aff? — Fill anither. Here’s to his being sune provost — I say provost — Lord Provost Nicol Jarvie! — and them that affirms there’s a man walks the Hie-street o’ Glasgow that’s fitter for the office, they will do weel not to let me, Duncan Galbraith o’ Garschattachin, hear them say sae — that’s all.” And therewith Duncan Galbraith martially cocked his hat, and placed it on one side of his head with an air of defiance.

The brandy was probably the best recommendation of these complimentary toasts to the two Highlanders, who drunk them without appearing anxious to comprehend their purport. They commenced a conversation with Mr Galbraith in Gaelic, which he talked with perfect fluency, being, as I afterwards learned, a near neighbour to the Highlands.

“I kenn’d that Scanto-o’-grace weel aneugh frae the very outset,” said the Baillie, in a whisper to me; “but when blude was warm, and swords were out at ony rate, wha kens what way he might hae thought o’ paying his debts? it

will be lang or he does it in common form. But he's an honest lad, and has a warm heart too; he doesna come aften to the Cross o' Glasgow, but mony a buck and black-cock he sends us doun frae the hills. And I can want my siller weel aneugh. My father the deacon had a great regard for the family of Garschattachin."

Supper being now nearly ready, I looked round for Andrew Fairservice; but that trusty follower had not been seen by any one since the beginning of the rencontre. The hostess, however, said that she believed our servant had gone into the stable, and offered to light me to the place, saying that "no entreaties of the bairns or hers could make him give any answer; and that truly she caredna to gang into the stable hersell at this hour. She was a lone woman, and it was weel kenn'd how the Brownie of Ben-ye-gask guided the gudewife of Ardnagowan; and it was aye judged there was a Brownie in our stable, which garr'd me gie ower keeping an hostler."

As, however, she lighted me towards the miserable hovel into which they had crammed our unlucky steeds, to regale themselves on hay, every fibre of which was as thick as an ordinary quill, she plainly shewed me that she had another reason for drawing me aside from the company than that which her words implied. "Read that," she said, slipping a piece of paper into my hand

as we arrived at the door of the shed; „I bless God I'm rid o't. Between sodgers and Saxons, and catterans and cattle-lifters, and hership and bluidshed, an honest woman wad live quieter in hell than on the Highland line.”

So saying, she put the pine torch into my hand, and returned into the house.

CHAPTER XXIX.

*Bagpipes, not lyres, the Highland hills adorn,
Maclean's loud hollo, and MacGregor's horn.*

John Cooper's Reply to Allan Ramsay.

I STOPPED in the entrance of the stable, if indeed a place be entitled to that name where horses were stowed away along with goats, poultry, pigs, and cows, under the same roof with the mansion-house; although, by a degree of refinement unknown to the rest of the hamlet, and which I afterwards heard was imputed to an overpride on the part of Jeany MacAlpine, our landlady, the apartment was accommodated with an entrance different from that used by her biped customers. By the light of my torch, I decyphered the following billet, written on a wet, crumpled, and dirty piece of paper, and ad-

dressed, "For the honoured hands of Mr F. O. a Saxon young gentleman — These." The contents were as follows:

"SIR,

"There are night-hawks abroad, so that I cannot give you and my respected kinsman, B. N. J., the meeting at the Clachan of Aberfoil, whilk was my purpose. I pray you to avoid unnecessary communication with those you may find there, as it may give future trouble. The person who gives you this is faithful, and may be trusted, and will guide you to a place where, God willing, I may safely give you the meeting, when I trust my kinsman and you will visit my poor house, where, in despite of my enemies, I can still promise sic cheer as ane Hielandman may gie his friends, and where we will drink a solemn health to a certain D. V. and look to certain affairs whilk I hope to be your aidance in; and I rest, as is wont among gentlemen, your servant to command,

R. M. C."

I was a good deal mortified at the purport of this letter, which seemed to adjourn to a more distant place and date the service which I had hoped to receive from this man Campbell.

Still, however, it was some comfort to know that he continued to be in my interest, since without him I could have no hope of recovering my father's papers. I resolved, therefore, to obey his instructions; and, observing all caution before the guests, to take the first good opportunity I could find to obtain from the landlady directions how I was to obtain a meeting with this mysterious person.

My next business was to seek out Andrew Fair-service, whom I called several times by name, without receiving any answer, surveying the stable all around, at the same time, not without risk of setting the premises on fire, had not the quantity of wet litter and mud so greatly counterbalanced two or three bunches of straw and hay. At length my repeated cries of "Andrew Fairservice — Andrew! Fool — Ass, where are you?" produced a doleful "Here," in a groaning tone, which might have been that of the Brownie itself. Guided by this sound, I advanced to the corner of a shed, where, esconced in the angle of the wall, behind a barrel full of the feathers of all the fowls which had died in the cause of the public for a month past, I found the manful Andrew; and, partly by force, partly by command and exhortation, compelled him forth into the open air. The first words he spoke were, "I am an honest lad, sir."

“Who the devil questions your honesty?” said I; “or what have we to do with it at present? I desire you to come and attend us at supper.”

“Yes,” reiterated Andrew, without apparently understanding what I said to him, “I am an honest lad, whatever the Baillie may say to the contrary. I grant the world and the world’s gear sits ower near my heart whiles, as it does to money a ane — But I am an honest lad; and, though I spack o’ leaving ye in the muir, yet God knows it was far frae my purpose, but just like idle things folk says when they’re driving a bargain, to get it as far to their ain side as they can — And I like your honour weel for sae young a lad, and I wadna part wi’ ye lightly.”

“What the deuce are you driving at now?” I replied. “Has not every thing been settled again and again to your satisfaction? And are you to talk of leaving me every hour, without either rhyme or reason?”

“Ay, but I was only making fashion before,” replied Andrew; “but it’s come on me in sair earnest now — Lose or win, I daur gae nae farther wi’ your honour; and, if ye’ll take my foolish advice, ye’ll bide by a broken tryste, rather than gang forward yoursel — I hae a sincere regard for ye, and I’m sure ye’ll be a credit to your friends if ye live to saw out your wild aits, and get some mair sense and steadi-

ness — But I can follow ye nae farther, even if ye suld founder and perish from the way for lack of guidance and counsel — to gang into Rob Roy's country is a mere tempting o' Providence."

"Rob Roy?" said I, in some surprise; "I know no such person. What new trick is this, Andrew?"

"It's hard," said Andrew — "very hard, that a man canna be believed when he speaks Heaven's truth, just because he's whiles owercome, and lies a little when there's necessary occasion. Ye needna ask whae Rob Roy is, the reiving lifter that he is — God forgie me! I hope naebody hears us — when ye hae a letter frae him in your pouch. I heard ane o' his gillies bid that auld rudas jaud of a gudewife gie ye that. They thought I didna understand their gibberish; but, though I canna speak it muckle, I can gie a gude guess at what I hear them say — I never thought to hae tauld ye that, but in a fright a' things come out that suld be keepit in. O, Maister Frank, a' your uncle's follies, and a' your cousins' pliskies, were naething to this! — Drink clean cap-out, like Sir Hildebrand; begin the blessed morning with brandy sops, like Squire Percie; swagger, like Squire Thorncliff; rin wud amang the lasses, like Squire John; gamble, like Richard; win souls to the pope and the deevil,

like Rashleigh; rive, rant, break the Sabbath, and do the Pope's bidding, like them a' put the-gither — But merciful Providence! take care o' your young bluid, and gang nae near Rob Roy!"

Andrew's alarm was too sincere to permit me to suppose he counterfeited. I contented myself, however, with telling him, that I meant to remain in the alehouse that night, and desired to have the horses well-looked after. As to the rest, I charged him to observe the strictest silence upon the subject of his alarm, and he might rely upon it I would not incur any serious danger without due precaution. He followed me with a dejected air into the house, observing between his teeth, "Man suld be served afore beast — I haena had a morsel in my mouth but the rough legs o' that auld moorcock this hale blessed day."

The harmony of the company seemed to have suffered some interruption since my departure, for I found Mr Galbraith and my friend the Baillie high in dispute.

"I'll hear nae sic language," said Mr Jarvie, as I entered, „respecting the Duke o' Argylle and the name o' Campbell. He's a worthy public-spirited nobleman, and a credit to the country, and a friend and benefactor to the trade o' Glasgow."

„I'll say naething against Mac-Callummora and the Slioch-nan-Diarmid," said the lesser

Highlander, laughing. „I live on the wrang side of Glencroe to quarrel with Inverara.“

„Our loch ne'er saw the Campbell lymphads,“ * said the bigger Highlander. „She'll speak her mind and fear naebody — She doesna value a Cawmil mair as a Cowan, and ye may tell Mac-Callummore that Allan Iverach said sae — It's a far cry to Lochow.“ †

Mr Galbraith, on whom the repeated pledges which he had quaffed had produced some influence, slapped his hand on the table with great force, and said, in a stern voice, „There's a bloody debt due by that family, and they will pay it one day — The banes of a loyal and a gallant Grahame hae lang rattled in their coffin for vengeance on thae Dukes of Guile and Lords for Lorn. There ne'er was treason in Scotland but a Cawmil was at the bottom o't; and now that the wrang side's uppermost, wha but the Cawmils for keeping down the right? But this world winna last lang, and it will be time to sharp the maiden for shearing o' craigs and

* *Lymphads.* The galley which the family of Argyle and others of the Clan-Campbell carry in their arms.

† Lochow and the adjacent districts formed the original seat of the Campbells. The expression of a „far cry to Lochow,“ was proverbial.

thrapples. I hope to see the auld rusty lass linking at a bluidy harst again."

"For shame, Garschattachin!" exclaimed the Baillie; "fye for shame, sir; wad ye say sic things before a magistrate, and bring yoursell into trouble? — How d'ye think to mainteen your family and satisfy your creditors (mysell and others), if ye gang on in that wild way, which cannot but bring you under the law, to the prejudice of a' connected wi' ye?"

"Damn my creditors," retorted the gallant Galbraith, "and you, if ye be ane o' them! — I say there will be a new warld sune — And we shall hae nae Cawmils cocking their bonnet sae high, and hounding their dogs where they daurna come themsells, nor protecting thieves, and murderers, and oppressors, to harry and spoil better men and mair loyal clans than themsells." —

The Baillie had a great mind to have continued the dispute, when the savoury vapour of the broiled venison, which our landlady now placed before us, proved so powerful a mediator, that he betook himself to his trencher with great eagerness, leaving the strangers to carry on the debate among themselves.

"And tat's true," said the taller Highlander, whose name I found was Stuart, "for we suldna be plagued and worried here wi' meetings to

pit down Rob Roy, if the Cawmils didna gae him refutch. I was ane o' thirty o' my ain name — part Glenfinlas, and part men that came down frae Appine. We shased the MacGregors as ye wad shase rae-deer till we came into Glenfalloch's country, and the Cawmils raise and wadna let us pursue nae farder, and sae we lost our labour; but her wad gie twa and a plack to be as near Rob as she was tat day."

It seemed to happen very unfortunately, that in every topic of discourse which these gentlemen introduced, my friend the Baillie found some matter of offence. „Ye'll forgie me speaking my mind, sir; but ye wad maybe hae gien the best ball in your bonnet to hae been as far awa frae Rob as ye are e'en now — Odd, my het pleugh-culter wad hae been naething to his claymore."

„She had better speak nae mair about her culter, or, by G —, her will gar her eat her words, and twa handfulls o' cauld steel to drive them ower wi'." And, with a most inauspicious and menacing look, the mountaineer laid his hand on his dagger.

We'll hae nae quarrelling, Allan," said his shorter companion; „and if the Glasgow gentleman has ony regard for Rob Roy, he'll maybe see him in cauld irons the night, and playing tricks on a tow the morn; for this country has been ower lang plagued wi' him, and his race

is near-hand run — And it's time, Allan, we were ganging to our lads."

"Hout awa, Inverashalloch," said Galbraith. "Mind the auld saw, man — It's a bauld moon, quoth Bennygask. Another pint, quoth Lesly; we'll no start for another chappin."

"I hae had chappins aneugh," said Inverashalloch; "I'll drink my quart of usquebaugh or brandy wi' ony honest ellow, but the de'il a drap mair when I hae wark to do in the morning. And, in my puir thinking, Garschattachin, ye had better be thinking to bring up your horsemen to the Clanchan before day, that we may a' start fair."

"What the devil are ye in sic a hurry for?" said Garschattachin; "meat and mess never hindered wark. An it had been my directing, de'il a bit o' me wad hae fashed ye to come down the glens to help us. The garrison and our ain horse could hae ta'en Rob Roy easily aneugh. There's the hand," he said, holding up his own, "should lay him on the green, and never ask a Hielandman o' ye a' for his help."

"Ye might hae loot us bide still where we were, then," said Inverashalloch. "I didna come sixty miles without being sent for. But an ye'll hae my opinion, I redd ye keep your mouth better steekit, if ye hope to speed. Shored folk live lang, and sae may him ye ken o'. The

way to catch a bird is no to fling your bannet at her. And also thae gentlemen hae heard some things they suldna hae heard, an the brandy hadna been ower bauld for your brain, Major Galbraith. Ye needna cock your hat and bully, man, wi' me, for I will not bear it."

"I hae said it," said Galbraith, with a solemn air of drunken gravity, "that I will quarrel no more this night either with cloth or tartan. When I am off duty, I'll quarrel with you or ony man in the Hielands or Lowlands, but not on duty — no — no — I wish we heard o' these red-coats. If it had been to do ony thing against King James, we wad hae seen them lang syne — but when it's to keep the peace o' the country, they can lie as lound as their neighbours."

As he spoke, we heard the measured footsteps of a body of infantry on the march; and an officer, followed by two or three files of soldiers, entered the apartment. He spoke in an English accent, which was very pleasant to my ears, now so long accustomed to the varying brogue of the Highland and Lowland Scotch.

"You are," I suppose, Major Galbraith, of the squadron of Lennox Militia, and these are the two Highland gentlemen with whom I was appointed to meet in this place?"

They assented, and invited the officer to take some refreshments, which he declined.

«I have been too late, gentlemen, and am desirous to make up time. I have orders to search for and arrest two persons guilty of treasonable practices.”

«We'll wash our hands o' that,” said Inveras-halloch. «I came here wi' my men to fight against the red MacGregor that killed my cousin, seven times removed, Duncan Maclaren in Invernenty; but I will hae naething to do touching honest gentlemen that may be gaun through the country on their ain business.”

«Nor I neither,” said Iverach.

Major Galbraith took up the matter more solemnly, and, premising his oration with a hiccup, spoke to the following purpose:

«I shall say naething against King George, Captain, because, as it happens, my commission may rin in his name — but one commission being good, sir, does not make another bad; and some think that James may be just as gude a name as George. There's the king that is — and there's the king that should of right be — I say, an honest man may and should be loyal to them both, Captain. But I am of the Lord-Lieutenant's opinion for the time, as it becomes a militia officer and a depute lieutenant — and about treason and all that, it's lost time to speak of it — least said is sunest mended.”

“I am sorry to see how you have been employing your time, sir,” replied the English officer, — as indeed the honest gentleman’s reasoning had a strong relish of the liquor he had been drinking, — “and I could wish, sir, it had been otherwise on an occasion of this consequence. I would recommend to you to try to sleep for an hour. — Do these gentlemen belong to your party?” — looking at the Baillie and me, who, engaged in eating our supper, had paid little attention to the officer on his entrance.

“Travellers, sir,” said Galbraith — “lawful travellers by sea and land, as the prayer-book hath it.”

“My instructions,” said the Captain, taking a light to survey us closer, “are to place under arrest an elderly and a young person, and I think these gentlemen answer nearly the description.”

“Take care what you say, sir,” said Mr Jarvie; “it shall not be your red coat, nor your laced hat shall protect you, if you put any affront on me. I’ll convene ye baith in an action of scandal and false imprisonment — I am a free burgess and a magistrate o’ Glasgow; Nicol Jarvie is my name, sae was my father’s afore me — I am a baillie, be praised for the honour, and my father was a deacon.”

“He was a prick-eared our,” said Major Gal-

braith, «and fought again the King at Bothwell Brigg.”

«He paid what he ought and what he bought, Mr Galbraith,” said the Baillie, «and was an honest man than ever stude on your shanks.”

«I have no time to attend to all this,” said the officer; «I must positively detain you, gentlemen, unless you can produce some respectable security that you are loyal subjects.”

«I desire to be carried before some civil magistrate,” said the Baillie — «the sherra or the judge of the bounds — I am not obliged to answer every red-coat that speers questions at me.”

«Well, sir, I shall know how to manage you if you are silent — And you, sir,” (to me) «what may your name be?”

«Francis Osbaldistone, sir.”

«What! a son of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, of Northumberland?”

«No, sir,” interrupted the Baillie; «a son of the great William Osbaldistone, of the house of Osbaldistone and Tresham, Crane-Alley, London.”

«I am afraid, sir,” said the officer, «your name only increases the suspicions against you, and lays me under the necessity of requesting that you will give up what papers you have in charge.”

I observed the Highlanders look anxiously at each other when this proposal was made. «I had none,” I replied, «to surrender.”

The officer commanded me to be disarmed and searched. To have resisted would have been madness. I accordingly gave up my arms, and submitted to a search, which was conducted as civilly as an operation of the kind well could. They found nothing except the note which I had received that night through the hand of the landlady.

“This is different from what I expected,” said the officer; “but it affords us good grounds for detaining you. Here I find you in written communication with the outlawed robber, Robert MacGregor Campbell, who has been so long the plague of this district — How do you account for that?”

“Spies of Rob!” said Inverashalloch — “we wad serve them right to strap them up till the neist tree.”

“We are gaun to see after some gear o’ our ain, gentlemen,” said the Baillie, “that’s fa’en into his hands by accident — there’s nae law again a man looking after his ain, I hope?”

“How did you come by this letter?” said the officer, addressing himself to me.

I could not think of betraying the poor woman who had given it to me, and remained silent.

“Do you know any thing of it, fellow?” said the officer, looking at Andrew, whose jaws were chattering like a pair of castanets at the threat thrown out by the Highlander.

“O ay, I ken a’ about it — It was a Highland loon gied the letter to that langtongued jaud the gudewife there — I’ll be sworn my maister kenn’d naething about it. But he’s wilfu’ to gang up the hills and speak wi’ Rob; and O, sir, it wad be a charity just to send a wheen o’ your red-coats to see him safe back to Glasgow again, whether he will or no — And ye can keep Mr Jarvie as lang as ye like — He’s responsible eneugh for ony fine ye may lay on him — and so is my master, for that matter — for me, I’m just a puir gardner lad, and no worth your steering.”

“I believe,” said the officer, „the best thing I can do is to send these persons to the garrison under an escort. They seem to be in immediate correspondence with the enemy, and I shall be in no respect answerable for suffering them to be at liberty. — Gentlemen, you will consider yourselves as my prisoners. So soon as dawn approaches I will send you to a place of security. If you be the persons you describe yourselves, it will soon appear, and you will sustain no great inconvenience from being detained a day or two. — I can hear no remonstrances,” he continued, turning away from the Baillie, whose mouth was open to address him, „the service I am on gives me no time for idle discussions.”

“Aweel — aweel, sir,” said the Baillie, „you’re welcome to a tune on your ain fiddle,

but see if I dinna gar ye dance till't afore a's dune."

An anxious consultation now took place between the officer and the Highlanders, but carried on in so low a tone, that it was impossible to catch the sense. So soon as it was concluded they all left the house. At their departure, the Baillie thus expressed himself: "Thae Hielandmen are o' the westland clans, and just as light-handed as their neighbours, an a' tales be true, and yet ye see thae hae brought them frae the head o' Argyleshire to make war wi' puir Rob for some auld ill-will that they hae at him and his sirname — And there's the Grahames, and the Buchanans, and the Lennox gentry, a' mounted and in order. — It's weel kenn'd their quarrel — and I dinna blame them — naebody likes to lose his kye — and then there's sodgers, puir things, hoyed out frae the garrison at a' body's bidding — Puir Rob will hae his hands fu' by the time the sun comes ower the hill. Weel — it's wrang for a magistrate to be wishing ony thing again the course o' justice, but de'il o' me an' I wad break my heart to hear that Rob had gien them a' their paiks."

CHAPTER XXX.

——— *General,*

*Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon
me*

*Directly in my face — my woman's face —
See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,
One paleness dare appear, but from my anger,
To lay hold on your mercies.*

Bonduca.

WE were permitted to slumber out the remainder of the night in the best manner that the miserable accommodations of the ale-house permitted. The Baillie, fatigued with his journey and the subsequent scenes, less interested also in the event of our arrest, which to him could only be a matter of temporary inconvenience, perhaps less nice than habit had rendered me

about the cleanliness or decency of his couch, tumbled himself into one of the cribs which I have already described, and soon was heard to snore soundly. A broken sleep, snatched by intervals, while I rested my head upon the table, was my only refreshment. In the course of the night I had occasion to observe, that there seemed to be some doubt and hesitation in the motions of the soldiery. Men were sent out, as if to obtain intelligence, and returned apparently without bringing any satisfactory information to their commanding officer. He was obviously eager and anxious, and again dispatched small parties of two or three men, some of whom, as I could understand from what the rest whispered to each other, did not return again to the Clachan or village.

The morning had broken, when a corporal and two men rushed into the hut, dragging after them, in a sort of triumph, a Highlander, whom I immediately recognised as my acquaintance the ex-turnkey. The Baillie, who started up at the noise with which they entered, immediately made the same discovery, and exclaimed, "Mercy on us! they hae grippit the puir creature Dougal — Captain, I will put in bail — sufficient bail for that Dougal creature."

To this offer, dictated, undoubtedly, by a grateful recollection of the late interference of the

Highlander in his behalf, the Captain only answered, by requesting Mr Jarvie to «mind his own affairs, and remember that he was himself for the present a prisoner.”

«I take you to witness, Mr Osbaldistone,” said the Baillie, who was probably better acquainted with the process in civil than in military cases, «that he has refused sufficient bail. It’s my opinion that the creature Dougal will have a good action of wrongous imprisonment and damages against him, under the Act seventeen hundred and one, and I’ll see the creature righted.”

The officer, whose name I understood was Thornton, paying no attention to the Baillie’s threats or expostulations, instituted a very close enquiry into Dougal’s life and conversation, and compelled him to admit, though with apparent reluctance, the successive facts, — that he knew Rob Roy MacGregor — that he had seen him within these twelve months — within these six months — within this month — within this week; in fine, that he had parted from him only an hour ago. All this detail came like drops of blood from the prisoner, and was, to all appearance, only extorted by the threat of an halter and the next tree, which Captain Thornton assured him should be his doom, if he did not give direct and special information.

“And now, my friend,” said the officer, “you will please inform me how many men your master has with him at present.”

Dougal looked in every direction except at the querist, and began to answer, “She canna just be shure about that.”

“Look at me, you Highland dog,” said the officer, “and remember your life depends on your answer. How many rogues had that outlawed scoundrel with him when you left him?”

“Ou, no aboon sax rogues when I was gane.”

“And where are the rest of his banditti?”

“Gane wi’ the Lieutenant agane ta westland carles.”

“Against the westland clans?” said the Captain.

“Umph — that is likely enough; and what rogue’s errand were you dispatched upon?”

“Just to see what your honour and ta gentlemen red-coats were doing down here at ta Clachan.”

“The creature will prove fause-hearted after a,” said the Baillie, who by this time had planted himself close behind me; “it’s lucky I didna pit mysell to expences anent him.”

“And now, my friend,” said the Captain, “let us understand each other. You have confessed yourself a spy, and should string up to the next tree — but come, if you will do me one good turn, I will do you another. You, Donald —

you shall just in the way of kindness carry me and a small party to the place where you left your master, as I wish to speak a few words with him on serious business; and I'll let you go about your business, and give you five guineas to boot.

“Oigh! oigh!” exclaimed Dougal, in the extremity of distress and perplexity, “she canna do tat — she canna do tat — she'll rather be hanged.”

“Hanged, then, you shall be, my friend,” said the officer, “and your blood be on your own head. — Corporal Cramp, do you play Provost-Marshal — away with him.”

The corporal had confronted poor Dougal for some time, ostentatiously twisting a piece of cord which he had found in the house into the form of a halter. He now threw it about the culprit's neck, and, with the assistance of two soldiers, had dragged Dougal as far as the door, when, overcome with the terror of immediate death, he exclaimed, “Shentlemans, stops — stops! — She'll do his honour's bidding — stops!”

“Awa' wi' the creature,” said the Baillie, “he deserves hanging mair now than ever — awa' wi' him, corporal — why dinna ye take him awa'?”

“It's my belief and opinion, honest gentleman,” said the corporal, “that if you were

going to be hanged yourself, you would be in no such d — d hurry.”

This bye dialogue prevented my hearing what passed between the prisoner and Captain Thornton, but I heard the former snivel out, in a very subdued tone, “And ye’ll ask her to gang nae farther than just to shew ye where the Mac-Gregor is? — Ohon! ohon!”

“Silence your howling, you rascal — No; I give you my word I will ask you to go no farther. Corporal, make the men fall-in in front of the houses. Get out these gentlemen’s horses; we must carry them with us. I cannot spare any men to guard them here. — Come, my lads, get under arms.”

The soldiers bustled about, and were ready to move. We were led out, along with Dougal, in the capacity of prisoners. As we left the hut, I heard our companion in captivity remind the Captain of “ta foive kuineas.”

“Here they are for you,” said the officer, putting gold into his hands; “but observe, that if you attempt to mislead me, I will blow your brains out with my own hand.”

“The creature,” said the Baillie, “is waur than I judged him — it is a warldly and a perfidious creature — O the filthy lucre of gain that men

gi'es themselfs up to! My father the deacon used to say, the penny siller slew mair souls than the naked sword slew bodies."

The landlady now approached, and demanded payment of her reckoning, including all that had been quaffed by Major Galbraith and his Highland friends. The English officer remonstrated, but Mrs MacAlpine declared, if she "hadna trusted to his honour's name being used in their company, she wad never hae drawn them a stoup o' liquor; for Mr Galbraith, she might see him again, or she might no, but weel did she wot she had sma' chance of seeing her siller — and she was a puir widow, had naething but her custom to rely on."

Captain Thornton put a stop to her remonstrances by paying the charge, which was only a few English shillings, though the amount sounded very formidable in Scottish denominations. The generous officer would have included Mr Jarvie and me in this general acquittance; but the Bailie, disregarding an intimation from the landlady, to "make as muckle of the Inglishers as we could, for they were sure to gie us plague eneugh," went into a formal accounting respecting our share of the reckoning, and paid it accordingly. The Captain took the opportunity to make us some slight apology for detaining us.

“If we were loyal and peaceable subjects,” he said, “we would not regret being stopped for a day, when it was essential to the king’s service; if otherwise, he was acting according to his duty.”

We were compelled to accept an apology which it would have served no purpose to refuse, and we sallied out to attend him on his march.

I shall never forget the delightful sensation with which I exchanged the dark, smoky, smothering atmosphere of the Highland hut in which we had passed the night so uncomfortably, for the refreshing fragrance of the morning air, and the glorious beams of the rising sun, which, from a tabernacle of purple and golden clouds, were darted full on such a scene of natural romance and beauty as had never before greeted my eyes. To the left lay the valley, down which the Forth wandered on its easterly course, surrounding the beautiful detached hill, with all its garland of woods. On the right, amid a profusion of thickets, knolls, and crags, lay the bed of a broad mountain lake, lightly curled into tiny waves by the breath of the morning breeze, each glittering in its course under the influence of the sun-beams. High hills, rocks, and banks, waving with natural forests of birch and oak, formed

the borders of this enchanting sheet of water; and, as their leaves rustled to the wind and twinkled in the sun, gave to the depth of solitude a sort of life and vivacity. Man alone seemed to be placed in a state of inferiority, in a scene where all the ordinary features of nature were raised and exalted. The miserable little *bourocks*, as the Baillie termed them, of which about a dozen formed the village called the Clachan of Aberfoil, were composed of loose stones, cemented by clay instead of mortar, and thatched by turfs, laid rudely upon rafters formed of native and unhewn birches and oaks from the woods around. The roofs approached the ground so nearly, that Andrew Fairservice observed we might have ridden over the village the night before, and never found out we were near it, unless our horses' feet had "gane thro' the riggin."

From all we could see, Mrs MacAlpine's house, miserable as were the quarters it afforded, was still by far the best in the hamlet; and I dare say (if my description gives you any curiosity to see it) you will hardly find it much improved at the present day, for the Scotch are not a people who speedily admit innovation, even when it comes in the shape of improvement. *)

*) I do not know how this might stand in Mr Osbaldistone's day; but I can assure the reader, whose

The inhabitants of these miserable dwellings were disturbed by the noise of our departure; and as our party of about twenty soldiers drew up in rank before marching off, we were reconnoitred by many a beldame from the half-opened door of her cottage. As these sybils thrust forth their grey heads, imperfectly covered with close caps of flannel, and showed their shrivelled brows, and long skinny arms, with various gestures, shrugs, and muttered expressions in Gaelic addressed to each other, my imagination recurred to the witches of Macbeth, and I thought I read in the features of these crones the malevolence of the weird sisters. The little children also, who began to crawl forth, some quite naked, and others very imperfectly covered with tatters of tartan stuff, clapped their tiny hands, and grinned at the English soldiers, with an expression of national hate and malignity which

curiosity may lead him to visit the scenes of these romantic adventures, that the Clachan of Aberfoil now affords a very comfortable little inn. If he chances to be a Scottish antiquary, it will be an additional recommendation to him, that he will find himself in the vicinity of the Rev. Dr Grahame, minister of the gospel at Aberfoil, whose urbanity in communicating information on the subject of national antiquities, is scarce exceeded even by the stores of legendary lore which he has accumulated.

seemed beyond their years. I remarked particularly that there were no men, nor so much as a boy of ten or twelve years old, to be seen among the inhabitants of a village which seemed populous in proportion to its extent; and the idea certainly occurred to me, that we were likely to receive from them, in the course of our journey, more effectual tokens of ill-will than those which lowered on the visages and dictated the murmurs of the women and children.

It was not until we commenced our march that the malignity of the elder persons of the community broke forth into expressions. The last file of men had left the village, to pursue a small broken track, formed by the sledges in which the natives transported their peats and turfs, and which led through the woods which fringed the lower end of the lake, when a shrilly sound of female exclamation mixed with the screams of children, the whooping of boys, and the clapping of hands with which the Highland dames enforce their notes, whether of rage or lamentation. I asked Andrew, who looked as pale as death, what all this meant.

“I doubt we’ll ken that ower sune,” said he. “Means? — It means that the Highland wives are cursing and banning the red-coats, and wishing ill-luck to them, and ilka ane that

ever spoke the Saxon tongue. I have heard wives flyte in England and Scotland — it's nae marvel to hear them flyte ony gate — but sic ill-scrapit tongues as thae Hieland carlines' — and sic grew-some wishes, that men should be slaughtered like sheep — and that they should lapper their hands to the elbows in their heart's blute — and that they suld dee the death of Walter Cuming of Guiyock, wha hadna as muckle o' him left thegither as would supper a messan-dog — sic awesome language as that I ne'er heard out o' a human thrapple; — and, unless the deil wad rise amang them to gie them a lesson, I thinkna that their talent at cursing could be amended. The warst o't is, they bid us aye gang up the loch, and see what we'll land in."

Adding Andrew's information to what I had myself observed, I could scarce doubt that some attack was meditated upon our party. The road, as we advanced, seemed to afford every facility for such an unpleasant interruption. At first it winded apart from the lake through marshy meadow ground, overgrown with copsewood, now traversing dark and close thickets which would have admitted an ambuscade to be sheltered within a few yards of our line of march, and frequently crossing rough mountain torrents, some of which took the soldiers up to the knees, and run with such violence, that their force could

only be stemmed by the strength of two or three men holding fast by each others' arms. It certainly appeared to me, though altogether unacquainted with military affairs, that a sort of half-savage warriors, as I had heard the Highlanders asserted to be, might, in such passes as these, attack a party of regular forces with great advantage. The Baillie's good sense and shrewd observation had led him to the same conclusion, as I understood from his requesting to speak with the Captain, whom he addressed nearly in the following terms: — «Captain, it's no to fleech ony favour out o' ye, for I scorn it — and it's under protest that I reserve my action and pleas of oppression and wrongous imprisonment; — but, being a friend to King George and his army, I take the liberty to speer — Dinna ye think ye might tak a better time to gang up this glen? If ye are seeking Rob Roy, he's kenn'd to be better than half a hunder men strong when he's at the fewest; and if he brings in the Glengyle folk, and the Glenfinlas and Balquidder lads, he may come to gie you your kail through the reek; and it's my sincere advice, as a king's friend, ye had better take back again to the Clachan, for thae women at Aberfoil are like the scarts and sea-maws at the Cumries, there's aye foul weather follows their skirling.”

„Make yourself easy, sir,” replied Captain Thornton, „I am in the execution of my orders. And as you say you are a friend to King George, you will be glad to learn, that it is impossible that this gang of ruffians, whose license has disturbed the country so long, can escape the measures now taken to suppress them. The horse squadron of militia, commanded by Major Galbraith, is already joined by two more troops of cavalry, which will occupy all the lower passes of this wild country; three hundred Highlanders, under the two gentlemen you saw at the inn, are in possession of the upper part, and various strong parties from the garrison are securing the hills and glens in different directions. Our last accounts of Rob Roy correspond with what this fellow has confessed, that, finding himself surrounded on all sides, he had dismissed the great part of his followers, with the purpose either of lying concealed, or of making his escape through his superior knowledge of the passes.”

„I dinna ken,” said the Baillie, „there’s mair brandy than brains in Garschattachin’s head this morning — And I wadna, an’ I were you, Captain, rest my main dependence on the Hielandmen — hawks winna pike out hawks’ een. — They may quarrel amang themsells, and gie ilk ither ill names, and maybe a slash wi’ a claymore, but they are sure to join in the lang

run against a' civilized folk that wear breeks on their hinder ends, and hae purses in their pouches."

Apparently these admonitions were not altogether thrown away on Captain Thornton. He re-formed his line of march, commanded his soldiers to unsling their firelocks and fix their bayonets, and formed an advanced and rear-guard, each consisting of a non-commissioned officer and two soldiers, who received strict orders to keep an alert look-out. Dougal underwent another and very close examination, in which he stedfastly asserted the truth of what he had before affirmed; and being rebuked on account of the suspicious and dangerous appearance of the route by which he was guiding them, he answered with a sort of testiness that seemed very natural, „Her nainsell didna mak ta road — an' shentlemans likit grand roads, she suld hae pided at Glasco."

All this passed off well enough, and we resumed our progress.

Our route, though leading towards the lake, had hitherto been so much shaded by wood, that we only from time to time obtained a glimpse of that beautiful sheet of water. But the road now suddenly emerged from the forest ground, and,

winding close by the margin of the loch, afforded us a full view of its spacious mirror, which now, the breeze having totally subsided, reflected in still magnificence the high dark heathy mountains, huge grey rocks, and shagged banks, by which it is encircled. The hills now sunk on its margin so closely, and were so broken and precipitous, as to afford no passage except just upon the narrow line of the track which we occupied, and which was overhung with rocks, from which we might have been destroyed merely by rolling down stones, without much possibility of offering resistance. Add to this, that, as the road winded round every promontory and bay which indented the lake, there was rarely a possibility of seeing a hundred yards before us. Our commander appeared to take some alarm at the nature of the pass in which he was engaged, which displayed itself in repeated orders to his soldiers to be on the alert, and in many threats of instant death to Dougal, if he should be found to have led them into danger. Dougal received these threats with an air of stupid impenetrability, which might arise either from conscious innocence, or from dogged resolution.

„If shentlemens were seeking ta Red Gregarach,” he said, „to be sure they couldna expect to find her without some wee danger.”

Just as the Highlander uttered these words, a halt was made by the corporal commanding the advance, who sent back one of the files who formed it, to tell the captain that the path in front was occupied by Highlanders, stationed on a commanding point of particular difficulty. Almost at the same instant a soldier from the rear came to say, that they heard the sound of a bag-pipe in the woods through which we had just passed. Captain Thornton, a man of conduct as well as courage, instantly resolved to force the pass in front, without waiting till he was assailed from the rear; and, assuring his soldiers that the bag-pipes which they heard were those of the friendly Highlanders who were advancing to their assistance, he stated to them the importance of advancing and securing Rob Roy, if possible, before these auxiliaries should come up to divide with them the honour, as well as the reward which was placed on the head of this celebrated freebooter. He therefore ordered the rearguard to join the centre, and both to close up to the advance, doubling his files, so as to occupy with his column the whole practicable part of the road, and to present such a front as its breadth admitted. Dougal, to whom he said in a whisper, „You dog, if you have deceived me you shall die for it,” was placed in the centre, between two grenadiers, with positive

orders to shoot him, if he attempted an escape. The same situation was assigned to us as being the safest, and Captain Thornton, taking his half-pike from the soldier who carried it, placed himself at the head of his little detachment, and gave the word to march forward.

The party advanced with the firmness of English soldiers; not so Andrew Fairservice, who was frightened out of his wits; and not so, if truth must be told, either the Baillie or I myself, who, without feeling the same degree of trepidation, could not with stoical indifference see our lives exposed to hazard in a quarrel with which we had no concern. But there was neither time for remonstrance nor remedy.

We approached within about twenty yards of the spot where the advanced-guard had seen some appearance of an enemy. It was one of those promontories which run into the lake, and round the base of which the road had hitherto winded in the manner I have described. In the present case, however, the track, instead of keeping the water's edge, scaled the promontory by one or two rapid zigzags, carried in a broken track along the precipitous face of a slatly grey rock, which would otherwise have been absolutely inaccessible. On the top of this rock, only to be approached

by a road so broken, so narrow, and so precarious, the corporal declared he had seen the bonnets and long-barrelled guns of several mountaineers, apparently couched among the long heath and brush-wood which crested the eminence. Captain Thornton ordered him to move forward with three files, to dislodge the supposed ambuscade, while at a more slow but steady pace, he advanced to his support with the rest of his party.

The attack which he meditated was prevented by the unexpected apparition of a female upon the summit of the rock. „Stand!“ she said, with a commanding tone, „and tell me what ye seek in MacGregor’s country?”

I have seldom seen a finer or more commanding form than this woman. She might be between the term of forty and fifty years, and had a countenance which must once have been of a masculine cast of beauty; though now, imprinted with deep lines by exposure to rough weather, and perhaps by the wasting influence of grief and passion, it’s features were only strong, harsh, and expressive. She wore her plaid, not drawn around her head and shoulders, as is the fashion of the woman in Scotland, but disposed around her body as the Highland soldiers wear their’s. She had a man’s bonnet, with a feather in it, an

unsheathed sword in her hand, and a pair of pistols at her girdle.

„It's Helen Campbell, Rob's wife," said the Baillie, in a whisper of considerable alarm; „and there will be broken heads amang us or it's lang."

„What seek ye here?" she asked again at Captain Thornton, who had himself advanced to reconnoitre.

„We seek the outlaw, Rob Roy MacGregor Campbell," answered the officer, „and make no war on women; therefore offer no vain opposition to the king's troops, and assure yourself of civil treatment."

„Ay," retorted the Amazon, „I am no stranger to your tender mercies. Ye have left me neither name nor fame — my mother's bones will shrink aside in their grave when mine are laid beside them. — Ye have left me and mine neither house nor hold, blanket nor bedding, cattle to feed us, or flocks to clothe us — Ye have taken from us all — all — the very name of our ancestors have ye taken away, and now ye come for our lives."

„I seek no man's life," replied the Captain; „I only execute my orders. If you are alone, good woman, you have nought to fear — if there are any with you so rash as to offer useless resistance, their own blood be on their own heads — Move forward, serjeant."

„Forward — march," said the non-commissioned officer. „Huzza, my boys, for Rob Roy's head or a purse of gold!"

He quickened his pace into a run, followed by the six soldiers; but as they attained the first traverse of the ascent, the flash of a dozen of firelocks from various parts of the pass parted in quick succession and deliberate aim. The serjeant, shot through the body, still struggled to gain the ascent, raised himself by his hands to clamber up the face of the rock, but relaxed his grasp, after a desperate effort, and falling, rolled from the face of the cliff into the deep lake, where he perished. Of the soldiers three fell, slain or disabled; the others retreated on their main body, all more or less wounded.

„Grenadiers, to the front," said Captain Thornton. — You are to recollect, that in those days this description of soldiers actually carried that destructive species of fire-work from which they

derive their name. The four grenadiers moved to the front accordingly. The officer commanded the rest of the party to be ready to support them, and only saying to us, "Look to your safety, gentlemen," gave, in rapid succession, the word to the grenadiers — "Open your pouches — handle your grenades — blow your matches — fall on."

The whole advanced with a shout, headed by Captain Thornton, the grenadiers preparing to throw their grenades among the bushes where the ambuscade lay, and the musketeers to support them by an instant and close assault. Dougal, forgotten in the scuffle, wisely crept into the thicket that overhung that part of the road where we had first halted, which he ascended with the activity of a wild cat. I followed his example instinctively, recollecting that the fire of the Highlanders would sweep the open track. I clambered until out of breath; for a continued spattering fire, in which every shot was multiplied by a thousand echoes, the hissing of the kindled fusees of the grenades, and the successive explosion of those missiles, mingled with the huzzas of the soldiers, and the yells and cries of their Highland antagonists, formed a contrast which added — I do not shame to own it — wings to my desire to reach a place of sa-

fety. The difficulties of the ascent soon increased so much that I despaired of reaching Dougal, who seemed to swing himself from rock to rock, and stump to stump, with the facility of a squirrel, and I turned down my eyes to see what had become of my other companions. Both were brought to a very awkward still-stand.

The Baillie, to whom I suppose fear had given a temporary share of agility, had ascended about twenty feet from the path, when his foot slipping, as he straddled from one huge fragment of rock to another, he would have slumbered with his father the deacon, whose acts and words he was so fond of quoting, but for a projecting branch of a ragged thorn, which, catching hold of the skirts of his riding-coat, supported him in mid air, where he dangled not unlike to the sign of the Golden Fleece over the door of a mercer in Ludgate-hill.

As for Andrew Fairservice, he had advanced with better success, until he had attained the top of a bare cliff, which, rising above the wood, exposed him, at least in his own opinion, to all the dangers of the neighbouring skirmish, while, at the same time, it was of such a precipitous and impracticable nature, that he dared neither

to advance nor retreat. Footing it up and down upon the narrow space which the top of the cliff afforded, (very like a fellow at a country fair dancing upon a trencher,) he roared for mercy in Gaelic and English alternately, according to the side on which the scale of victory seemed to predominate, while his exclamations were only answered by the groans of the Baillie, who suffered much, not only from apprehension, but from the pendulous posture in which he hung suspended by the loins.

On perceiving the Baillie's precarious situation, my first idea was to attempt to render him assistance; but this was impossible without the concurrence of Andrew, whom neither sign, nor entreaty, nor command, nor expostulation, could inspire with courage to adventure the descent from his painful elevation, where, like an unskilful and obnoxious minister of state, unable to escape from the eminence to which he had presumptuously ascended, he continued to pour forth piteous prayers for mercy, which no one heard, and to skip to and fro, writhing his body into all possible antick shapes to avoid the balls which he conceived to be whistling around him.

In a few minutes this cause of terror ceased, for the fire, at first so well sustained, now

sunk at once, a sure sign that the conflict was concluded. To gain some spot from which I could see how the day had gone was now my object, in order to appeal to the mercy of the victors, who, I trusted, (which ever side might be gainers) would not suffer the honest Baillie to remain suspended, like the coffin of Mahomet, between Heaven and earth, without lending a hand to disengage him. At length, by dint of scrambling, I found a spot which commanded a view of the field of battle. It was indeed ended; and as my mind already augured, from the place and circumstances attending the contest, it had terminated in the defeat of Captain Thornton. I saw a party of Highlanders in the act of disarming that officer, and the scanty remainder of his party. They consisted of about twelve men, most of whom were wounded, who, surrounded by treble their number, and without the power either to advance or retreat, exposed to a murderous and well-aimed fire, which they had no means of returning with effect, had at length laid down their arms by the orders of their officer, when he saw that the road in his rear was occupied, and that protracted resistance would be only wasting the lives of his brave followers. By the Highlanders, who fought under cover, the victory was cheaply bought, at the expence of one man slain and two wounded

by the grenades. All this I learned afterwards. At present I only comprehended the general result of the day, from seeing the English officer, whose face was covered with blood, stripped of his hat and arms, and his men, with sullen and dejected countenances, which marked their deep regret, enduring, from the wild and martial figures who surrounded them, the severe measures to which the laws of war subject the vanquished for security of the victors.

The first of these is the fact that the
 human mind is not a blank slate at birth.
 It is a complex of ideas and feelings
 which are inherited from our ancestors.
 These ideas and feelings are the result
 of the experience of our ancestors.
 They are the result of the struggle
 for existence in the world.
 They are the result of the
 human mind's attempt to understand
 the world around it.

The second of these is the fact that the
 human mind is not a passive receiver
 of information. It is an active
 participant in the process of knowledge.
 It is the human mind which
 interprets the information which it
 receives from the world around it.
 It is the human mind which
 creates the concepts which it uses
 to describe the world around it.
 It is the human mind which
 creates the theories which it uses
 to explain the world around it.

The third of these is the fact that the
 human mind is not a static entity.
 It is a dynamic entity which
 changes as it grows.

Scott, Walter,

Rob Roy in four volumes

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